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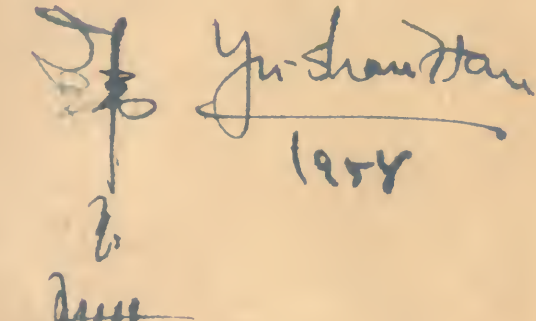

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN

Henrietta Shuck

A

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. HENRIETTA SHUCK,

THE

FIRST AMERICAN FEMALE MISSIONARY

TO

CHINA.

BY J. B. JETER,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.

CS

Fifth Thousand.

BOSTON:

GOULD, KENDALL, & LINCOLN.

59 Washington Street.

1849.

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PREFACE.

The compiler deems it proper to state briefly the motives which induced him to prepare the following Memoir. Shortly after the death of the late lamented Mrs. Shuck, the members of the China mission held a meeting, and, with other resolutions suitable to the occasion, unanimously adopted the following: —

"*Resolved* — That the character and the circumstances attending the life of our departed sister are interesting and instructive, not only to us, but, if made public, are calculated to aid the cause of missions generally, and especially that in which she labored and died, and, therefore, that the Board be requested to appoint her former Pastor, the Rev. J. B. Jeter, or some other competent person, to prepare a Memoir of her life.

J. Lewis Shuck, *Sec.*"

In due time, the compiler received a letter from the Corresponding Secretary of the Board, in Boston, informing him that they heartily concurred in the resolution, and desiring him to "prepare a suitable memorial of Mrs. Shuck's worth and works." The appointment accorded with the views and wishes of her family and friends. The compiler felt himself solemnly called, in

the providence of God, to decide whether he would undertake the task assigned him. After serious deliberation, and, as he trusts, earnest prayer for divine guidance, he resolved to engage in the preparation of the Memoir. Various considerations conducted him to this decision.

Mrs. Shuck was the *first* female American missionary who went to China. She was a lady of good mind, pleasant manners, and most fervent piety, and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of missions. Her correspondence, on examination, was found to be copious and intrinsically excellent. If the compiler has not been deceived by his associations with the esteemed subject of the Memoir, many of her letters, and much of her journals, are distinguished by a beautiful simplicity and a most touching pathos, and all of them by a kind, generous, and pious spirit. Her life, though it did not abound in striking incidents and brilliant achievements, was filled up with diligent, self-denying, and earnest efforts for the salvation of the heathen.

China is a singular, and, to the enlightened Christian, who prays and labors for the salvation of the world, a most interesting country. The recent opening of its most important ports, by solemn treaty, to Christian missionaries, and the unexpected toleration of Christianity in the empire, have turned all Christian eyes and hearts towards it. It is the largest and most important mission field on the globe. Much information concerning China, its history, government, language, religions, the manners, customs, and moral condition of the people, &c., will be found incorporated in the Memoir. To those who have not access to

other sources of knowledge, it will convey much information concerning the "Celestial Empire," and that, too, not always in dry detail, but frequently in pleasing narrative.

Of the execution of the work the author need say nothing; of that the public will judge, and neither explanation nor apology can modify the decision. He may, however, be permitted to say, that his only reward for the labor of preparing the Memoir is the hope that it may promote the interests of true religion and the cause of missions. The profits accruing from the sale of the copy-right will be appropriated, one half to the education of Mrs. Shuck's children, and the other half to the cause of Foreign Missions, to be divided equally between the Northern and Southern Baptist Boards. To the compiler, this seemed the fairest distribution of the profits. To the private correspondence of Mrs. Shuck, cheerfully placed by the family in the hands of the writer, without the slightest expectation of pecuniary advantage to her children, the work will be mainly indebted for its interest. Nothing could be more suitable than that the children should reap the profits of their dear mother's intellectual efforts. But Mrs. Shuck was a missionary as well as a mother. While living, her anxieties, prayers, and labors, were divided between her loved offspring and the perishing heathen. Let the pecuniary profits of her Memoir be, in like manner, divided. As Mrs. Shuck labored under the patronage of the Boston Board, and as the Memoir has been compiled at their request, they have a fair claim to a portion of its profits; and as Mrs. Shuck was a southern lady, and her husband has connected

himself with this Board, it seems proper that they also should participate in the benefit. The compiler is aware that this explanation is not due to the public; that he has a perfect right to do what he will with his own; but, to prevent misconception, he has judged it better to make it, and hopes he shall be pardoned for giving the subject a prominence to which its importance does not entitle it.

He now commits the work to the consideration of the public, and to the blessing of God. Should it be the means of quickening the piety and increasing the liberality of Christians, and awakening a deeper, and stronger, and more effective interest in the cause of Foreign Missions, and especially for the evangelization of China, he will be richly compensated.

J. B. JETER.

Richmond. Sept., 1846.

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The peninsula, lying between the Rappahannock and Potomac Rivers, in the north eastern part of the state of Virginia, is generally known as the "Northern Neck." It is distinguished as the birthplace of three Presidents of the United States — Washington, Madison, and Monroe. In the eastern extremity of the "Neck," in the county of Lancaster, within a few miles of the Chesapeake Bay, is situated the little village of Kilmarnock. Here was born, Oct. the 28th, 1817, Henrietta Hall, (afterwards Mrs. Shuck.) Her parentage on both sides was highly respectable. Her father, the Rev. Addison Hall, was, in his early years, a successful lawyer. For several sessions he represented his county in the state legislature to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. Mr. Hall's mother was a lady of decided genius. She wrote two poems of no small

merit; one on the death of the Rev. Lewis Lunsford, and the other on that of her brother-in-law, the Rev. Samuel L. Straughan, both eminent Baptist ministers, her endeared pastors, who were called to their reward in the maturity of their years, and in the zenith of their usefulness. With early culture, and favorable circumstances, she would have been a brilliant ornament of her sex. The maiden name of Henrietta's mother was Susan Edmonds. She was a daughter of Col. Elias Edmonds of Lancaster county — a gentleman held in deserved estimation by his fellow-citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall were both baptized, while young, by the Rev. S. L. Straughan, and admitted into the fellowship of the Morattico Baptist church. They, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, "were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Henrietta was nurtured in the lap of piety. Her parents were deeply impressed with the importance of training up their children for usefulness and for heaven. Her mind and heart were cultivated with tender solicitude and untiring assiduity. To her infant ears the voice of prayer and praise was familiar. She grew up with the deep and abiding impressions which the family altar, and the family Bible, and sanctuary observances were adapted to make on her sensitive mind.

Our acquaintance with Henrietta Hall commenced in the close of the year 1825. She was then a little more than eight years old; and a bright and lovely child she was. The interview seems to have made a durable impression on her

memory. In her last letter to us — the last which she wrote — she referred to it with a vivid recollection and a lively interest.

Fortunately for Henrietta, her devoted father entertained enlarged and liberal views on the subject of female instruction. He was desirous to give his daughters a solid and useful education. In her fourteenth year, Henrietta was sent to Fredericksburg, and placed in the school of Mrs. Little, a lady of high reputation as a teacher. How well she deserved this reputation the following letter, addressed by her to the Rev. A. Hall, since the death of his daughter, clearly indicates.

"Dear Sir,

I am truly happy to hear that a memoir of your lamented daughter is in a state of preparation. Her active virtues, and devoted missionary labors, will render such a memoir a valuable gift to the public, as well as a cherished memorial to her friends.

Most gladly would I furnish any documents in my power, which might aid in preparing the biography of one whose memory is so dear to me. I wish I could recall more vividly the circumstances to which you refer, which occurred while your daughter was a member of my school and family.

As a pupil she was very diligent in her studies, and blameless in her course of conduct. Her mind was sprightly, and her disposition ardent, enthusiastic, and sincere. She possessed strong social affections, and was universally beloved by her classmates. Although she had not then

'chosen the good part,' she was not unmindful of the necessity of so doing, and it occurred to me that the best opportunity of directing her serious attention to matters of so great moment would be by close personal conversation, on the subject of her highest interests.

With a view to her benefit, as well as that of other of my pupils, I had been accustomed daily to write something new and striking on the black-board, generally a text of Scripture, in the form of a question. On one occasion the question was, "Where shall I be a hundred years hence?" The pupils were requested to give an answer to me privately, after due consideration and solemn reflection.

The effect produced on the mind of Henrietta was deep and pungent — her words I cannot at this distant period recall, but the intensity of her emotion convinced me that the Lord himself had directed the arrow to its mark. She seemed never afterwards to forget that she was a probationer for an endless state of existence beyond the grave, though she did not then have clear and just ideas of the depravity of her own heart; there was, therefore, no change in her outward character or conduct.

Literary pursuits chiefly occupied her time. She was ambitious to excel in all her studies from her regard for you, whom as a father she highly honored. She seemed determined to exert herself to deserve your approbation and affection.

During her vacation, as you know, she was made a partaker of the heavenly gift, and it was gratifying to me to learn that her first serious impressions were received in my school. I never

before so deeply felt the importance of combining religious with literary instructions, and doing all to the glory of God.

Your daughter has now completed her pilgrimage, and gone to her long home. But she still lives in the hearts of surviving friends, who can rejoicingly follow her with the eye of faith, and behold her walking with God, 'high in salvation and the climes of bliss.'

To you, my dear sir, what an honor, what a consolation, to have had a child so spiritually engaged, so useful, and now so highly exalted!

Permit me to mingle my sympathies with yours, and subscribe myself,

Very truly your friend,

A. J. LITTLE."

The summer of 1831 is memorable for the religious revivals which prevailed among the churches, of all evangelical Christian denominations, in Virginia. Wherever the gospel was faithfully preached, a blessing descended from Heaven. Thousands, of all classes of society, were joyfully converted to Christ, and added to the churches. The Baptists of the Northern Neck resolved, after prayer and consultation, to hold a camp-meeting in the month of August, in Lancaster county. This was the first meeting of the kind ever held by the churches of the Baptist denomination in this part of the state. Many, especially among the older brethren, doubted the expediency of appointing such a meeting; they yielded, however, to the wish of the majority. The meeting was attended by the Rev. John Kerr, who has since closed his useful labors, the Rev. J. B. Taylor,

the Rev. E. Ball, and other acceptable and efficient preachers of the word. We went to the encampment intensely anxious as to the results of the meeting. During the first afternoon of the service, our doubts were succeeded by confidence, and our solicitude by joy. It was apparent that God was with us. The compiler has enjoyed the privilege of attending many religious meetings where the divine blessing has been richly bestowed; but he doubts whether he has ever seen one the results of which have been so interesting, so important, so glorious, as of this. A large proportion of the converts were heads of families — men of intelligence, respectability, and influence, who have been an honor to their profession, and pillars in the house of God. An impulse was then given to the cause of Christ in the Northern Neck which is felt to the present day, and which, we trust, may be felt, with increasing power, to the end of time.

Henrietta Hall, having returned from Fredericksburg to pass the vacation at home, was among the first converts at the meeting. Her convictions of sin were pungent, her feelings deep, and her deliverance joyful. O, it was a season of overwhelming interest and gratitude, when so many pious parents were permitted to embrace their children in the bright anticipation of meeting them before the throne of God, to part no more forever!

On the 2d of Sept., 1831, this young convert, not quite fourteen years old, was baptized by the compiler of this Memoir, then the pastor of the Morattico Baptist church. Her experience was clear, scriptural, and satisfactory. I well remem-

ber that she ascribed her first permanent religious impressions to the solemn question propounded to her by her pious teacher, Mrs. Little, "Where will you be a hundred years hence?" It awakened in her bosom serious meditation, a sense of accountability to God, and a conviction of guilt and danger, which, by the divine blessing, led her to repentance, and prepared her for a happy reception of the gospel. In obeying the Saviour's positive ordinance of baptism, she obtained, what all who properly obey it will find, "the answer of a good conscience toward God." In her last letter, written but a few hours before her departure from earth, she refers with manifest delight to the event. "'Twas you, my dear brother Jeter, who led me into the liquid grave. O! how well do I remember that day, that precious day, and the dear friends, (some, yea, many of them now departed,) who accompanied me to the water's edge."

This had been to Henrietta a bright and joyful year, but it was to close in gloom. Her fond and pious mother, after a brief and violent illness, departed this life on the 26th of Dec., 1831, at "Waverly," the family residence in Lancaster. The loss of a mother, at all times one of the severest bereavements which can befall a child, was to Henrietta, just then arrived at the period of life at which maternal counsel and supervision are most needed, peculiarly afflictive. Being the oldest of the children, on her devolved the duty of taking a maternal oversight of her little brothers and sisters. How faithfully she discharged this duty will appear in the sequel. This unexpected bereavement made an ineffaceable impres-

sion on Henrietta's heart. From this time the world seemed to have but little power to charm her; and the hope of meeting her dear mother in heaven, which grew into a bright and joyous anticipation, was never long absent from her mind. The following extract from her Journal, penned during her long voyage to the East, may be appropriately introduced here in illustration of this remark.

"Dec. 26, (1835.) This day brings with it the recollection of one painful event. On this day four years ago I experienced the loss of one of the kindest and most affectionate of mothers. This indeed caused me to shed tears of sorrow. I was at once totally deprived of her kind attention, which had been bestowed on me from my childhood. Life no longer appeared joyous, but was clothed in gloom and melancholy. I looked around for comfort, but, alas! none was to be found. Five helpless children, a bereaved husband, and weeping servants, were all that met my eye. Her vacant chair reminded me of the many delightful seasons I had enjoyed in sitting by her side, and listening to her motherly advice. But now these moments had fled forever — her voice was still in death — and she, no doubt, had already clasped to her fond bosom her dear little babes, who had gone before her to the abodes of the blest. But why should I indulge these painful thoughts? It was, I am now certain, all for the best. How infinitely happier is she than earth could make her! She is done with dull mortality, and having met her Saviour, is now feasting on his smiles. Nor would I call her

back to this vain world were it in my power. Ah! no; rest on, sweet mother; I shall only be denied thy endearing society a few more fleeting years — then shall I meet with thee, and dear little brothers, in the mansions of glory, to sing the song of the redeemed — then shall I be freed from earth with all its dull concerns.

And, dearest father, let us follow the footsteps of your beloved consort, and my devoted mother. We know how she lived — we know how she died. Her path was one that shone more and more brightly. Though I was not by her (she was at school) to see her bid adieu to scenes below, yet she did not forget her absent Henrietta. You, no doubt, remember her last message to me — 'Prove faithful to your Creator, and meet me in heaven.' How important every word! how tender and affectionate! Do, dear pa., pray that I may indeed 'prove faithful' — that I may, as she did, adorn the profession which I have made. You cannot, my parent, imagine my feelings when I think of our next meeting. O! that we, with all the dear children, may meet my mother in the realms of unfading bliss. It seems that I cannot wait for death — it appears too long to be away from heaven. I feel ready to exclaim, 'O, for some dove's extended wings!' But this cannot be — I must remain below a little longer — I must be active a little while in my blessed Saviour's cause — I must endeavor to tell the dying heathen the story of Jesus, that they too may know how to praise, and how to serve him. Yes, let me live as long as God shall see fit, and let me be eminently useful while I live."

About this period, (1832,) Col. Hall (he held

this rank in the militia) determined to abandon the lucrative profession of law, and devote himself to the work of the Christian ministry. In the beginning of 1835, having received the appointment of general agent of the American Colonization Society, for the state of Virginia, he removed with his family to the city of Richmond. Here Miss Hall, with her father and step-mother, became members of the First Baptist Church, then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. T. Hinton. She entered the female seminary taught by the Rev. H. Keeling and his lady; and applied herself assiduously to her studies. On leaving the institution, she received, unsolicited, testimonials of the most satisfactory character. Between her and her pious teachers a friendship was formed which flourished, as the reader will find in the progress of this work, till the close of her valuable life.

Miss Hall, from the commencement of her religious life, seems to have cherished the missionary spirit. This spirit she was likely to imbibe. Her disposition, ardent, bordering on the romantic — her reading — her associations — the frequent conversations on Christian missions in her father's family — and, above all, her fervent piety, would have led an intelligent observer to expect, that she would have a desire to emulate the example of the devoted and excellent women, whose labors and sufferings, in the missionary enterprise, have awakened, throughout the Christian world, so lively an interest, and so deep a sympathy.

The Rev. J. Lewis Shuck, a student of the Virginia Baptist Seminary, now Richmond College, having been accepted, by the Board of the

Baptist Triennial Convention, as a missionary to China, invited Miss Hall to accompany him, as the companion of his toils and the sharer of his joys and sorrows. To this proposal, after anxious deliberation, consultation with her friends, and earnest prayer for divine guidance, she assented. In anticipation of her union with Mr. Shuck, the following letter — the earliest of her letters which have come into our hands — was written to her friend, Mrs. Keeling.

"RICHMOND, JUNE 25, 1835.

If I mistake not, my beloved teacher promised to write me a long letter; but that wished-for favor has not yet arrived. I hope, however, it is not far distant. I do, indeed, need instruction, and I wish to receive it from you, because I am well convinced it would be altogether correct.

You said, yesterday, you were afraid I did not love you because you spoke so freely to me. Quite the contrary — I love you but the more. And when you or Mr. Keeling discover any thing improper in my deportment, whether in or out of school, do not, for a moment, hesitate to tell me of it, so that I may guard against the same another time. Rely on it, I will take it kindly. 'Those indeed, are our friends who tell us of our faults.'

You seem to think hardly of me for not talking to you on some *certain subjects*. No doubt, you know whence proceeds my backwardness.

The cause of missions, dearest teacher, lies near my heart. I feel greatly for the poor, dying heathen. The sincere prayer of my heart is, O that I were qualified to become a missionary

of the cross! How gladly would I enter the field of labor, although it would cause torrents of tears to roll down my cheeks. Many a pang of sorrow would my bosom feel to part with a beloved father, kind mother, dear sisters and brothers, who are dearer to me than all the world beside. Yet, if by parting with all that's dear by the ties of nature, I could promote the cause of Christ in heathen lands, I would, leaving them in the hands of an allwise Protector, take the parting hand, and amongst the benighted heathen would I labor until death. And if, at last, I should be the means of rescuing one heathen from eternal woe, I should be amply compensated for all the difficulties and trials which I might have to undergo. I am well convinced, dearest teacher, that the life of a missionary is by no means an easy one; to the comfort and ease of this world she is a stranger; but she enjoys, what, in my estimation, is far better, the presence of the Most High.

When you write, tell me what books you think it would be advisable for me to read. I am very fond of reading, and will take care to peruse with great attention all you mention. With whom do you think I should chiefly associate? I ask these questions because I know you to be a woman of judgment, and I can, with perfect safety, do any thing you or Mr. K. bid me.

I must request you and Mr. K. to remember me at a throne of grace. Do, my teachers, pray that I may be useful in the work of the Lord.

I am yours forever, dear teacher, in the strongest ties of affection.

HENRIETTA."

We are aware that to many persons, and some of these professors of a spiritual Christianity, the feelings and sentiments displayed in the above letter will appear enthusiastic and visionary. The heathen, in their judgment, are in a state of safe and happy ignorance; and those who would disturb their repose, by proclaiming in their ears the divine denunciations against sin, are pestilent intruders. With such persons let us reason a moment. If the Bible is a revelation from God, it is supremely important that a knowledge of it should be spread among all nations. On this principle Christ and his apostles acted. The last solemn command of the risen Saviour to his chosen disciples was, to proclaim the gospel among all nations, and to every creature. The rich legacy which he bequeathed to his favorites, was the privilege of filling the world with the light of salvation. And faithfully did they obey the command, and well did they appreciate the privilege. They set themselves, in good earnest, to preach the gospel to every creature under heaven. And so deeply were they impressed with the magnitude and importance of their mission, that they cheerfully performed the most arduous toils, and endured the most cruel persecutions, in its performance.

It would betray an ignorance of human nature to suppose that in one so young, and of temperament so ardent, as Miss Hall, romantic feelings did not, in some degree, mingle with high and holy motives. But that, in the main, her views were enlightened, her principles sound, and her affections pure and spiritual, her subsequent zeal sacrifices, and labors in the Redeemer's cause

continued without abatement to the very close of life, her amiable and consistent deportment, and her joyous anticipation of heaven, when brought by disease to the verge of the grave, furnish most decisive proofs.

Miss Hall was married to the Rev. J. Lewis Shuck, Sept. 8th, 1835, by the Rev. H. Keeling, preparatory to their immediate departure for the East. At the time of her marriage, Mrs. Shuck was not quite eighteen years old. If it should be thought that she was too young and inexperienced to enter on the responsible duties of a missionary's wife, let it be considered that this objection, whatever might have been its weight, was every day diminishing until it entirely disappeared. The sainted Mrs. Newell, whose career was so brief and so brilliant, was only nineteen years old when she died in the Isle of France.

From the time of her removal to the city of Richmond, Miss Hall had been a diligent teacher in the Sunday School connected with the First Baptist Church. A few days before her departure to the East, she addressed the following very affectionate letter to her pupils.

"Very Dear Children,

Although my time is extremely limited, I cannot think of parting with you without addressing you a few farewell lines. The manner in which you have received my feeble instruction, and the whole of your deportment, have pleased me inexpressibly. This pleasure I shall no more enjoy on earth. I must soon bid you a final adieu. The regard I feel for you all prompts

me to seize the present opportunity, to exhort you to flee from the wrath to come. 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.' Youth is the most suitable time to serve the Lord; then let me exhort you to give your hearts to the Redeemer. Many precious promises are made to the young. I shall in a short time be traversing the pathless ocean, encompassed by dangers, far from the paternal roof, and the much loved scenes of my childhood, and far from you, my dear scholars; but I shall not cease to think of you, yes, I shall often try to make intercession for you at the mercy seat. Although in the course of a few months oceans will roll between us, sometimes think of your youthful teacher, and remember how ardently she longs for your salvation.

Love to the souls of the poor perishing heathen constrains me to forsake the innumerable enjoyments of my own dear, lovely country, and take up my abode in a land of moral darkness. I go cheerfully, yes, I long to be pointing the wretched idolaters to the Lamb of God, which alone can take away sin. And now I must bid you an affectionate farewell. Our next meeting will be in the presence of the great Judge of heaven and earth. Farewell, my dear girls, farewell, on earth to meet no more!

O, may we meet in heaven above,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.

Your affectionate friend,
HENRIETTA."

On the 10th of September, 1835, the Rev. J. Lewis Shuck, and the Rev. Robert D. Davenport,

with their companions, were solemnly set apart in the First Baptist Church, Richmond, to the work of missions in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Shuck were destined for China, and Mr. and Mrs. Davenport for Siam. The religious services on the occasion are represented as having been peculiarly interesting and affecting. The ministers present were brethren Ball, Hume, Hatchett, Nelson, Taylor, and Keeling. At the close of the public exercises, the pastors, members of the churches, and most of the large and deeply-impressed congregation, gave to the beloved missionaries the parting hand — to Mrs. Shuck it was the final adieu.

The following day the missionaries embarked for Boston. They were followed by the warm affection, tender sympathies, and earnest prayers of many Christian hearts. The following letter gives an account of the journey to Boston, and the arrangements for the Eastern voyage.

"Boston, Sept. 18, 1835.

Very Dear Sister Keeling,

According to promise I have seated myself for the purpose of writing you a short letter; and I dare say it will be gratifying to all our dear friends in Richmond to hear from us. We had a pleasant trip down the James River, on board the steamer Patrick Henry, the day we left Richmond. Peculiar emotions thrilled our bosoms as the 'hills, and dales,' and fields, of our native state, faded in the distance. Still we were cheerful and happy, and rejoiced together. About 2 o'clock we arrived in Hampton Roads, and removed ourselves and our baggage on board the

steamer Pocahontas. We travelled all night, and the bay (Chesapeake) being very rough, we were nearly all seasick. I never was sicker in my life. We arrived in Baltimore the next day by 8 o'clock. We spent Saturday and Sunday there. Mr. S. preached in the Calvert St. Church in the morning, and in the Sharp St. Church in the afternoon. At night we heard a sermon from the Rev. Mr. R., a Presbyterian missionary, just returned from Bombay.

Having been kindly entertained in B., by brother C. and his family, we left at 6 o'clock on Monday morning for Philadelphia; at which place we arrived at 3 o'clock P. M., and were hospitably received by brother K. and his wife. We left P. Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock, and arrived in New York, by steamboat and railroad, at 2 o'clock the same day. After viewing the city a short time, we went on board the steamer Providence. Dr. Going, and brother J. L. Dagg, heard that we were there, and came on board to see us. Their Christian company we enjoyed only a few moments, as we left the city at 5 o'clock. We arrived next day at Providence at 10, and here at 12 o'clock.

We have been kindly received, and hospitably entertained in Boston. The name of the vessel in which we are to go is the 'Louvre.' From what we can learn we shall be better accommodated, as to vessel and company, than any missionaries who have left the United States. There are twenty-two of us in company — nine married couples, and four single persons. We expect to sail next Monday morning. I feel contented and happy — happy because I expect erelong, should

my life be spared, to be surrounded by heathen children, and, O! what a delightful task to teach them, and point them to the Lamb of God! Mr. Sutton (a missionary from the East on a visit to this country) has with him a little Hindoo girl. She is very interesting. Sister S. is an amiable woman. I have seen all the females who will accompany us. Frances (Mrs. Davenport) and myself are the youngest of them. There is one twenty years of age; the others are much older. I am very much hurried, so you must excuse all errors. * * * * And now, dear sister, farewell. Pray for us often — you know we are young, and need your prayers and advice. Write to us also.

I am yours forever in the bonds of love.

H. S."

Mrs. Shuck was accompanied to Boston by her devoted father and step-mother. She had taken a final leave of her brothers and sisters. It was a painful separation, but the most trying conflict was yet to come. To give the parting hand, and parting kiss, to a fond and venerated father, without the prospect of meeting him again on earth, was, to one whose affection was so fervent as was hers, almost too much for 'flesh and blood' to bear. The following letter, enclosing a lock of her hair, displays the strength of her affections and the tempest of her emotions.

"Boston, Sept. 18, 1835.

I have parted with dear little brothers — I have taken the last look at my dear sisters — I have bid a final adieu to the place of my nativity; but, O! the trying hour has not yet arrived. One

more day, and I shall have to extend the 'parting hand' to him who, with a tender parent's eye, has watched over me from my infancy. 'Trying period,' I may call it. Ah! soul-thrilling word, I must pronounce thee — *Farewell!* I have to say farewell to those I fondly love.

O my father, it is hard — 'tis trying to thy daughter's heart to bid thee a final farewell. My feelings at this moment are very different from any I have ever (before) experienced. Often have I parted with you — I have been separated from you for some months (at a time) — but *now* I bid you adieu no more to see you — no more to have your kind attention — no more to bend the knee with you around the family altar. But, dear father, when I say 'no more' to meet, I speak of this world. Yes, we shall meet again in a world of glory. We shall not be separated long; the longest life is at best but short. I would not be deprived of the hope of meeting you again for the wealth of Peru; no, millions of worlds could not bribe me to give up the glorious hope. It will continue both sure and steadfast to the end, and though the deep may roll between us, and we may be separated by thousands of miles, we shall soon be called to take up our abode in the paradise above, 'where adieus and farewells are sounds unknown.' 'Tis there, dearest father, we shall meet to *part no more.* Let us remember, dear parent, for whom we make this sacrifice — who bids thy daughter go — and I am certain we cannot murmur; we can but part joyfully. Yes, 'tis my Saviour I am obeying.

O! do not for a moment think that I do not possess ardent love for you. Ah! no, you can

not think so. I love you as dearly as a daughter can love a father. I love all my dear friends, but I love my Saviour better. I hope, my dearest parent, you will pray often for your fond child, who is about to say to you, 'Adieu.' Recollect what a responsible work she has engaged in, and you know it requires ardent piety. Pray that I may possess more real, heart-felt religion.

Dear father, I am united to one who, I believe, will do all in his power to render me happy. He loves the Lord, and I love him more for that.

And now, dear parent, as I am very much hurried, I must draw to a close, although I assure you it is with reluctance that I do so. I could write all day to you, and not be tired, but the shortness of the time bids me stop.

Remember me to all the dear Christian friends of Lancaster. Dear native spot, it never before seemed so sweet. Ask my friends to remember me at the 'mercy seat.'

And now, dear father, mother, sisters, brothers, happy country, all adieu. 'Tis in obedience to the command of my dying, but now risen Jesus, that I now leave you. Farewell! Farewell!!

I am now, and forever shall be, dear father, your most affectionate and devoted daughter,

HENRIETTA."

At the moment that Mrs. Shuck handed the above letter, with a handsome New Testament, to her father, on board the Louvre, he, without any concert, presented her with a beautiful Bible, and put into her hands the following parting letter, with a 'few private thoughts' annexed. We have several reasons for publishing this docu-

ment entire. It is intrinsically excellent — it furnishes the reader a specimen of the methods by which Mr. Hall aimed to train his daughter for usefulness — and it exerted, as we learn from an unquestionable source, a most potent and happy influence in moulding her character. She frequently alluded to it in a manner that indicated that the advice, in itself so judicious, given by one so venerated, and under circumstances so fitted to impress the heart, was not lost.

"Boston, Sept. 20, 1835.

My Dear Henrietta,

The time is at hand when you are to bid adieu to the land of your birth, to enter upon a mission of mercy to a distant and heathenish portion of our race. If commissioned upon this embassage of peace and salvation to perishing sinners by the King of kings, I doubt not he will furnish you with such instructions, and afford you such encouragement and support, as will enable you to accomplish the object of your mission.

God will not, however, speak audibly in your ears, and you will have to receive his communications through the medium of his word, his servants, and by his Spirit operating upon your heart, and moving you in the path of duty.

Placed in the endearing relation to you of a father, it may not be contrary to the will of our heavenly Father, that I should assume the duty of imparting some instruction to you, touching the important business upon which you are about to enter.

I have no reason to doubt the correctness of the motives which influence you; the sacrifice of

all further personal intercourse on earth with so many dear friends, to encounter the dangers of the ocean, and to live and die amongst uncultivated heathen, would seem to be proof enough of disinterestedness, did we not know the pride and deceitfulness of the human heart. The desire of distinction, love of novelty, &c., are such insidious motives that sometimes they assume the name of philanthropy, and it requires great caution and much self-examination to detect them.

On this point I need not enlarge. You know that for more than twelve months you have had my thoughts upon it. You have, as I trust, prayerfully and deliberately considered the subject, in all its bearings, and *you have decided to go.* In making this decision you have subjected yourself to many unkind remarks from the illiberal, the ignorant, and the wicked, some of which may have reached your ears, but by far the greater part have been uttered out of your hearing.

To say that *I* have *no fears whatever* for you, would be untrue. 'Tis what, I presume, you would not venture to say for yourself. We should distrust, and jealously watch every motive which has so much to do with *self.* While I would not myself, nor would I have you, indulge a confident boasting in regard to this matter, at the same time, I am free to express the opinion, that so far as we can judge, it is the *will of God* that you should take this step. If we be mistaken, I trust that he will pardon our blindness, and overrule all for good.

You have, my dear child, taken upon you the name and office of a missionary — a name and office which a Judson, and Newell, and Morrison,

and Gutzlaff, and others, have caused to be associated with honor; but you must remember that they are not necessarily thus associated. The reputation which those missionaries who have preceded you have attained cannot be transferred to you. By patient, continued and faithful labor in the cause of Christ, must you win and share the honors of a missionary life. Whilst the result of your toils in this cause may confer some degree of honor upon yourself, let it not be forgotten that this is the least consideration which should animate you. The *glory of God*, and the *good of souls*, should move you to the same exertions, were you confident that in this world your motives would be impugned, and your name brought into disrepute. For the sake of the cause, however, in which you are engaged, it should be your care to gain a standing with the world (at least the Christian world) for a high degree of moral and religious worth.

Aim at high attainments in personal piety — not such as will cause you to feel like the Pharisee, when he said, 'God, I thank thee,' &c.; but rather such as will humble you, and bring you to the foot of the cross, and cause you to adopt the prayer of the publican, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!'

MONDAY, SEPT. 21, 1835.

Since writing the above, we have attended the meeting for the public designation of your company as missionaries, and we have heard the official instructions of the Board. Those instructions are the result of age and experience, and contain all, perhaps, that is necessary for your guidance; and I shall, without repeating such

thoughts as are there suggested, only insist with PARENTAL EARNESTNESS that you pay strict regard to them.

There is one thought that I would here impress deeply upon your mind, and that is, that you have enlisted *for life;* and that unless extraordinary occurrences of Providence shall otherwise indicate, you are NEVER TO RETURN TO AMERICA — NEVER, unless the Board here shall advise and require it.

I part with you with all the feelings of nature, and shall, when let down to the feeling point, (for I am now above it,) weep on account of our separation; but I assure you that I do not regret that you are going. Assure me that all is right in motive with us all, and that God requires it, and I *rejoice* in the prospect of your living and dying on heathen ground. I should look upon it as a lasting stigma were you to become tired of your vocation, and quit the service in which you have engaged.

Although you have reflected on many trials and difficulties that may attend you, after all, you perhaps have not thought of half that you will experience. Prepare your mind for the worst. You should not, however, doubt the faithfulness of God, that he will be with you always.

In your intercourse with your co-laborers in the same service, I hope you will find much pleasure. Catch all their virtues, and avoid all their foibles, (if they have any.) You will have much time during the voyage and afterwards, it is probable, for devotion, reading and reflection. Endeavor to improve it. Lay in a good stock of useful knowledge, and do not consider your education

as yet complete. Take care of *minutes*, and have system in all your affairs.

Remember those you leave behind; — your brothers, sisters, friends. Pray for them, and write to them. I find I have not opportunity to write more. We part in a short time, *to meet no more on earth! But we shall meet again* — SHORTLY — in HEAVEN!

Till then, FAREWELL!

Your Father,

ADDISON HALL."

"*A few Private Thoughts for Henrietta.*

You will find, in many books, rules, and good rules, for the government of your conduct in respect to your husband; but you may not meet with them, or if you do you may not subscribe to them so entirely as to practise them. You will find the sum and substance of your duty in this respect in a volume which you will always, I trust, have near you — the Bible. If you observe strictly the directions therein contained, you will find your account in it. Your happiness and usefulness, depend on it, is intimately connected with the manner in which you observe these rules. One principle *must*, of necessity, be acted on, and that is, that *you must yield* to the *will of your husband*, whenever the point is made; this must be the case, or *he* must submit to *you*. I do not mean that it is necessary to yield a forced obedience, but a willing one. God has constituted the man, as the stronger in mind and body, to have the government; and in proportion as you may be disposed to usurp the authority which belongs to him, you destroy the order of Provi-

dence, and the harmony of the connubial state. Never oppose, therefore, the will of your husband. You may reason with and persuade him, but do not attempt to dictate to him. 'I WILL,' and 'I WON'T,' are words which should not be found in a wife's vocabulary. Never use them to your husband, or you may force him to adopt such as *he* may lawfully do, but such as he should never have occasion for — 'YOU SHALL,' and 'YOU SHALL NOT.'

Don't fret at or quarrel with your husband on any occasion. He is fallible, and may sometimes err, and may speak unadvisedly; but on such occasions be silent and affectionate, and you will reform him.

Be always neat and cleanly in your person and dress, and you will increase his love and respect for you. A sluttish appearance in a wife distresses, and may even disgust, a husband.

Little differences may, and sometimes will, occur between a man and his wife. Should you find this your case, take the earliest opportunity of making the first overture of reconciliation. You will thereby heal the wound, and increase the love of your husband.

When you reach your place of destination, and your husband is necessarily compelled to be often absent from you, do not take it as evidence of his want of affection. If he stay beyond the time expected, meet him on his return with smiles and caresses; and, depend on it, he will be thereby induced to hasten home when otherwise he might not. Make HOME the quietest and happiest place, and he will love it.

Your husband may die — before you. In that

event, remember, that if I am living, you should take no important step without my advice, however distant, if it can be avoided. If it be impossible to get that advice, go to the pious and experienced with whom you may be associated.

Improve your handwriting — it needs it.

Do not be *impatient* when you are sick — you are rather predisposed that way.

Take great care of your health: avoid the sun when it is hot, and the dews, and all improper food, and don't take medicine too freely, and without great caution.

Avoid careless habits in every respect. 'A place for every thing, and every thing in its place.'

A. Hall.

Boston, Sept. 21, 1835."

CHAPTER II.

The Embarkation — Parting Scene described by Dr. Malcom — Extracts from Mrs. Shuck's Journal and Letters during her Voyage — Ship touches at Kedgeree — at Amherst — Visit to Maulmain — Interview with the Missionaries — Ship touches at Penang — Beautiful Scenery — Voyage to Singapore — Fear of Pirates — Conversion of Sailors.

The morning of the 22d of Sept. has come — has passed — the parting hand has been pressed, and the parting tear shed — the Louvre, freighted with the treasures of salvation for the perishing heathen, is careering over the billows of the vast Atlantic — and the passengers have seen, receding and vanishing in the distance, the shores of their favored and fondly-remembered country. The parting scene is thus described by Dr. Malcom, who went out in the Louvre as an agent of the Board of the Baptist Triennial Convention to visit their mission stations in the East.

"How cordial and comprehensive are the sympathies of true religion! Who that saw the Louvre, with her eleven ordained ministers, about to spread her canvass, could fail to contrast the scene with ordinary shipping operations! Over all the wharf is one dense mass of grave and silent spectators, while the decks and rigging of the adjacent ships are filled with younger, but not less intent observers. No sound interrupts

the ascending prayer. The full harmony of a thousand voices wafts to Heaven the touching hymn. Countless hands, thrust toward the narrow passway, seek the last token of recognition. Even the aged, unaccustomed to tears, weep, not in bitterness, but in exuberance of love.

But here are none of the customary inducements to convene a crowd. A ship sailing with passengers is no novelty. One of the number was, indeed, the pastor of a large and most affectionate congregation; but with the others, in general, the multitude had no acquaintance. Personal attachments, therefore, had not assembled the people. There was, in fact, nothing in the scene which could call forth a general interest, but its religious character. The regular packet, crowded with passengers, leaves our shores, while only here and there a group of personal friends look on with interest. The merchantman unfurls his sails, but his destination and objects are not regarded. But the missionary! he awakens the sympathy of every believer. Stranger though he may be, all press to grasp his hand; and, when gone, all intercede for him with God. Even denominational prejudices are forgotten, and every sect mingles in the throng, exulting in a common joy.

Never did a ship leave Boston harbor more nobly. A fine wind, and favoring tide, bore us so rapidly as scarcely to leave us time to gaze one lingering farewell to the faint outlines of the great and beautiful city. In two hours the pilot left us, bearing brief notes of affectionate remembrance to friends behind."

The voyage, so auspiciously commenced, proves

to be long and tedious. Mrs. Shuck kept a journal during the voyage for the special perusal of her father, and wrote several letters to her relatives and friends. Some extracts from these, in chronological order, will furnish the reader, not only a sufficient account of the voyage, but a just idea of the writer's spirit.

Journal. — "Sept. 30. Owing to constant seasickness, I have been entirely unable to write any since I left the shores of my own loved, native land; — however, I feel much better to-day. This is the regular afternoon for the female missionary prayer meeting in Richmond. I hope those dear young friends will be more frequent, fervent, and persevering, in their petitions to their heavenly Father, now, since two of their number have left them for a heathen land. It is truly comforting to me to know, that so many of my dear Christian friends have promised to remember me at a mercy seat; and when I shall be tempted on all sides, and be in the midst of a people who know not the Lord Jesus, then it will be truly sweet to think that I am borne upon the wings of faith before Jehovah's throne, by many, many in America!

Oct. 1. Truly the Lord has favored us. We have been sailing but ten days, and are now 1500 miles from Boston. This is the first time I have been able to attend family worship since sailing. I felt truly happy to bow the knee once again with others.

3. My thoughts to-day, dear pa', have been much with you all. I feel an increasing concern for the welfare of my dear sisters and brothers. May they all, as soon as they arrive at the age of

maturity, give their hearts to the Saviour! I cannot bear to think of parting with them in another world. But especially have I thought of sister Susan — she is now old enough to know something of that religion which the Bible teaches. If she were called to exchange worlds, I fear she would be eternally lost. The earliest impressions are by far the most lasting. Do, dearest father, endeavor to impress on the tender minds of the children the solemn truth, that unless they repent they must be forever lost. What you teach them now will have great bearing on them throughout their lives. That we may, after lives filled up with usefulness, meet in the regions of perfect love and happiness, is now, and shall always be, my constant prayer."

A Letter.

"Oct. 6, Lat. 34, Lon. 40, W.

My much-loved Father,

No doubt you are already anxious to hear from your dear absent child, although it has been so short a time since we enjoyed each other's company.

Your very kind and affectionate letters were read by me with no ordinary feelings. If ever I felt disposed to hearken to advice, it was whilst reading the last lines I received from you; and if ever advice appeared to be of the right kind, it was contained in your three letters. O that the Lord may assist me in endeavoring to profit by it!

Dear father, I experience now the reality of some of those feelings which have for some time burned within my bosom. Yes, I have parted

with friends; I have left the shores of my own dear native land; I am now travelling the mighty deep, and soon I hope to enter a field of labor amongst the perishing heathen. I have taken on me the responsible name of a missionary — a name too honorable for me to bear, an unworthy worm of the dust. I have, indeed, often wished that I might be useful in the cause of my heavenly Master, in some humble way.

We, poor ignorant beings, cannot divest ourselves of human nature. We are apt to be selfish; are liable to fall into errors; are, by far, too apt to mistake our own feelings as the impulses of duty. Our hearts are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked — *especially mine is;* yet, vile and polluted as I am, I think I have endeavored to examine well into my motives, and have come to this conclusion, that nothing, save the glory of God and the good of souls, could have prompted me to take the step which I have taken.

You seem to wish the idea, 'that I have enlisted for life,' deeply impressed on my mind. The thought that I am to get tired of my duty, and forsake a field of usefulness, is one on which I delight not to dwell; although, when my eyes glanced over the words of your letter, 'You are never to return to America,' my feelings seemed to be entirely new. Yet, if I know my own depraved heart, I feel willing, yea, anxious, if it be the will of Heaven, to live and die without ever again beholding the land of my nativity and the friends of my childhood. It is sufficient to know that I do it for Christ. To him can I go in every time of trouble, and from him do I expect to receive every good and perfect gift."

Letter to her Sister Susan.

"ATLANTIC, OCT. 24.

Very dear Sister,

I cannot refuse myself the gratification of writing to you this afternoon, although I feel very dull about the head. I have been thinking a great deal of your dear, never-dying soul lately. You cannot imagine the horror which fills my mind as I meditate on the solemn truth that you are unprepared for death. Dear sister, it is time for you to awake. Eternity is at hand; the day of your death is approaching, and still you seem to take but little thought of your precious soul. I have parted from you, never expecting to see you again on this side eternity. I feel no sorrow at having done so. I am willing to see you no more in the flesh. But, O my sister, the thought that we may be separated in another world is too painful to dwell on; and yet it must be so, unless you resign your heart into the hands of an all-wise Protector. Put this not off, I beseech you, dear sister, for some future day. The day you appoint may never come. I was reading a narrative, the other day, which I will here insert for your perusal. Do not read it with a careless eye, — you may be reading a case similar to your own.

'Shortly after my settlement in the ministry,' says Mr. Abbot, 'I observed in the congregation a young lady, whose blooming countenance and cheerful air showed perfect health and high elation of spirits. Her appearance at once satisfied me that she was amiable, but thoughtless. There was no one of my charge whose prospects for long life were more promising than hers, and,

perhaps, no one who looked to the future with more pleasing hopes of enjoyment. To her the world seemed bright. She often said she wished to enjoy more of it before she became a Christian. Louisa (for by that name I shall call her) manifested no particular hostility to religion, but wished to live a gay and merry life, till just before her death, and then to become pious and happy. She was constant in her attendance at church, and while others seemed moved by the exhibitions of a Saviour's love, she seemed entirely unaffected. Upon whatever subject I preached, her countenance retained the same marks of indifference and unconcern. The same easy smile played upon her features whether sin or death, heaven or hell, was the theme of discourse. One evening, I invited a few of the ladies of my society to meet at my house. She came with her companions. I had sought the interview with them, that I might more directly urge upon them the importance of religion. All in the room were affected, and she, though evidently moved, endeavored to conceal her feelings. The interest in this great subject manifested by those present was such, that I informed them that I would meet, in a week from that time, any who wished for personal conversation. The appointed evening arrived, and I was pleased to see, with two or three others, Louisa enter my house. I conversed with each one individually. They generally, with much frankness, expressed their state of feeling. Most of them expressed much solicitude respecting their eternal interests. Louisa appeared different from the rest. She was anxious, and unable to conceal her anxiety, and yet ashamed to have it

known she had come to converse with me on the subject of religion, and yet was making an evident effort to appear indifferent. I had long felt interested in Louisa, and was glad of this opportunity to converse with her. "Louisa," said I, "I am happy to see you here this evening, and particularly so as you have come interested in the subject of religion." She made no reply. "Have you been long thinking about this subject, Louisa?" "I always thought the subject important, sir, but have not attended to it as I suppose I ought." I conversed longer with her, but she continued to think she did (*not*) feel sufficiently her need of a Saviour. After addressing a few general remarks to my young friends, we kneeled in prayer, and the interview closed. Another meeting was appointed. Louisa again made her appearance with the same young ladies, and a few others. She appeared much more deeply impressed. I commenced a conversation with her first. She, in reply to a question of mine, said, "I think, sir, it is time for me to attend to my immortal soul. I have neglected it too long." She seemed to be a true penitent, but knew not how to get rid of sin. After conversing with the others, our meeting closed, and a similar appointment was made for the next week. Some young ladies appeared, but Louisa was absent — a slight cold detained her. The next week, however, Louisa was present, but seemed more careless than before. This, however, was the last time she met with us; but, alas! I was soon called to see her under circumstances different from what had been anticipated

Months passed, and not seeing L. at our meetings, (which continued until many became con

verted,) I almost forgot her, when one day, as I was riding out, I was informed that she was ill, and wished to see me. I was soon in her sick chamber. She had taken a violent cold, and it had settled into a fever. She was lying in her bed, her cheek glowing with a feverish hue, and her lips parched with thirst. She seemed agitated when I entered the room, and the moment I stood by her bed-side, and inquired how she did, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. Her sister, who was by her side, turned to me, and said, "Sir, she is in great distress of mind: mental agony has kept her awake nearly all night. She has wished often to see you, that she might converse with you on the subject of religion." I was fearful the agitation she manifested might seriously injure her health, and did all I could consistently to soothe her. "But, sir," said Louisa, "I am sick, and may die; I know that I am not a Christian, and O! if I die in this state of mind, what will become of me? what will become of me?" and again burst into tears. What could I say? Every word she uttered was true. Her eyes were opened to her danger. There was indeed cause for alarm. Sickness was upon her. Delirium might soon ensue; death might be very near; and her soul was unprepared to appear before God. She saw it all; she felt it all. Fever was burning in her veins, but she forgot her pains in view of approaching judgment. I told her that the Lord was good, and that he was ready to hear her prayer. "But, sir," said she, "I have known my duty too long, and have neglected it. I have been ashamed of Christ, and have grieved away

the Spirit; and now I am likely to die, and am unprepared. O! if I were a Christian, I would be willing to die." I told her of a Saviour's love, and endeavored to induce her to resign herself calmly into his hands; but all proved unavailing. I called again the next day to see her. She still was greatly distressed: no comfort could she find. Tossed from side to side by fever, on a sick bed, she lay almost ready to sink into the grave.

I left her almost ready to go deranged, but was greatly in hopes of hearing, when I called again, that she was better; but, alas! how disappointed I was, when I again went to see her! "How is Louisa, this morning?" was my first inquiry. "She is dead, sir," was the reply. "At what time did she die?" "About midnight."

Thus, dear sister, died a young, lovely female, without hope in God. You see what procrastination brought her to. O! will you not take heed, and 'seek the Lord while he may be found'? My dear sister, did you know what joys flow from religion, I am sure you would no longer serve Satan, but you would serve God. Will you not, after reading the incident I have related, be wise, defer it no longer, but determine to come out from the world, and declare yourself to be on the Lord's side? How many young girls, younger than yourself, have openly professed to be the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus! Take poor little M., for example. See how amiable she was, and how suddenly she was called to pass from time to eternity. Suppose she had delayed seeking the Lord, what a sad condition would hers have been! But, ah! no, she

sought him and he was found by her, and now she is rejoicing, with holy angels, clothed in a robe made white in the blood of Jesus. She has bid adieu to all the cares and sorrows of this 'vain, delusive world.' Dear sister, ask yourself this question — 'If I were dead, could the same things be said of me?' I am certain your answer would be, 'No!' Well, this is a solemn thought. You know not but that you may be taken away in the morning of life, just as dear little M. was.

I have addressed this to you, as you are the older, but I mean it for Isabella too. I hope both of you will read it — think of Louisa, and flee to the arms of a crucified Saviour, that your condition may not be similar to hers.

I cannot bear the thought, dear children, of never meeting you in this world, nor in the world to come. I often retire from the view of all, where no eye can see, and no ear can hear, but God's, and pray that you may soon feel the pardoning love of the Saviour. I have prayed more fervently for this since I left you, than ever I did before.

Kiss dear Addison, William, Robert, and Lucius — dear, dear children, I can scarcely think of them but I weep. Tell them why I have left them: tell them to be good children, and meet me in heaven. And now, my dear sister, I must draw to a close. O that we may all meet in heaven, where we shall *part* no more — *sin* no more — *suffer* no more.

Journal. — "Oct. 28. This is my birthday. Eighteen years of my life have passed forever. I am truly grieved to know that so little of my

time has been devoted to my heavenly Father. He has been heaping on me innumerable mercies from the dawn of my existence to the present moment; and, O! what base ingratitude I have returned him! But thanks be to God, he is not like unto man. He is kind and forgiving, and I will, for the future, endeavor to devote myself more unreservedly to his blessed cause. But, alas! how often do I make such resolutions! and as frequently too do I break them. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is truly weak. Aid, O Lord! thy servant to do as thou wouldst have her.

Nov. 9. For the last seven days I have been laid low on a bed of severe sickness; but now I am better, and I thank the Lord for it.

9 o'clock, at night. — The last hour has been one of peculiar enjoyment to me. Whilst alone, meditating on the goodness of God, especially to me, my soul seemed to long for the period to arrive when this mortal shall put on immortality, and, being washed in the blood of Jesus, I shall live with and praise him throughout eternity. I also enjoyed secret prayer. I felt an assurance, in praying for my loved, unconverted friends, that my feeble petitions would be heard and answered. I long for the name of Jesus to be adored by every tongue and people.

> 'From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
> May Jesus be adored,
> And earth, with all her millions, shout
> Hosannas to the Lord!'

We are now not more than 100 miles from Pernambuco, on the South American coast; and are sailing at the rate of seven miles an hour, being now about 6000 miles on our way."

A Letter to the Compiler.

"Nov. 13.

Perhaps it might interest you to hear how our time is spent on board ship, and I will give you a brief history of the manner in which it has been thus far employed. You are aware that brethren Malcom and Sutton are with us, which of course renders our voyage much more agreeable. As yet we have been able to have family worship only at night. At 10 o'clock the bell rings for worship on Lord's day. With regard to preaching, the brethren take it in alphabetical order. Imagine to yourself how delightful it must be to hear the sound of the church-going bell in the wide Atlantic. It fills one with pleasing emotions, I assure you. The first Monday in each month we occupy an hour in offering up our petitions, with those of many others, for the universal spread of the gospel. Wednesday night we have prayer meeting again, and Thursday night we have, either from brother Sutton or brother Malcom, a lecture. Brother S. lectures on heathen mythology, and brother M. on missions generally. Sabbath night we have prayer meeting also. Thus, dear brother, you see, we are not void of religious enjoyment. Though in a bark built by the feeble hands of man, tossed about by every breeze, on this vast ocean, still do we enjoy the light of God's countenance."

A Letter to her Father.

"Nov. 14.

I have been thinking a great deal lately about that sweet camp-ground, on which so many of my happy days have been enjoyed. 'Twas there

I publicly professed to be one, whose desire it was to follow the meek and lowly Jesus, through evil as well as good report. On that ground have I listened with delight to the voices of a K., a J., and a B., whose names shall always be deeply engraved on the pages of my heart. But I have taken my last look at that sweet spot. I shall no more hear those dear brethren preach. I well remember what my feelings were the morning of the last day I ever spent there; and when my dear brother K. bade me good-by, I am certain his thoughts were similar to mine; for as soon as he took my hand in his, he burst into a flood of tears, though neither of us knew, at that time, that I should bid you all farewell so soon. I delight to think of those by-gone days, not because I regret that I have left you all, but because I think that I, as well as my friends, enjoyed the presence of my Saviour."

Journal. — "Nov. 17. I have this day meditated much on the vanity of all earthly things. What is there below heaven worth living for, but to serve the Lord? Then why is it that I serve him with so little fervor? At how great a distance do I live from him! How cold and lifeless are my affections! Indeed, I sometimes doubt whether I am truly a Christian. 'Do I love the Lord?' is with me often an anxious inquiry.

'Ye that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?'

18. We are now sailing at the rate of seven miles an hour, and if we go on thus, we hope to reach the Cape in fifteen or twenty days. We

have had quite a pleasant little meeting to-night. Two of our number were absent on account of sickness. My health is a little improved. 'Sea-sickness' seems to have bid me a final adieu: I think its visit was unusually long, and I am not anxious to welcome its return.

Dec. 2. Yesterday spoke an English ship, and all the females, with the exception of one, visited her. It was something unusual to be visiting in the Atlantic Ocean, so near the Cape of Good Hope — an occurrence which to our knowledge never before took place. We returned delighted with our trip. The captain was very polite, treated us to many little niceties, and, when we were about to leave, gave us two bottles of milk and a loaf of bread.

15. In looking over my journal, I perceive that I have written none since the 3d. During this time, I have been so sick that I have been unable to walk, stand, or sit. We have had very rough weather for the last week. I really thought, at some times, that our ship would upset, and turn us out into the sea."

A Letter.

"ATLANTIC OCEAN, DEC. 25

Very dear and beloved Father,

Emotions of gratitude swell my bosom as I find myself again able to address a letter to you. For the last seventeen days, I have been entirely unfit for employment of any kind; but the Lord has in mercy raised me from a bed of sickness, and I behold another Christmas day. I have been this morning contrasting my situation with

what it was this day twelve months; and a vast change I find. Then I was in my grandfather's house, attending to poor little sick Bell; and although I was then separated from you and the rest of the family, yet I could often hear from you. But now many thousands of miles lie between us; nor can I see, nor hear from, those whom I most ardently love. I shall soon, if nothing happens to prevent, reach Asia — a stranger in a strange land, surrounded by poor idolatrous beings. Meditating on these subjects, I was led to ask myself, Where shall I be next Christmas day? Ah! this question must remain unanswered. Perhaps I shall have bid a long adieu to earth and all earthly concerns, and be feasting on the smiles of my Saviour. It seems, if I knew this would be my happy condition, I should at this moment cry aloud with joy.

Jan. 14, 1836. We are now within two weeks' sail of Calcutta. I assure you I feel rejoiced to think we are so near land. The ocean, dear pa', has no charms for me. A sea voyage is clothed in terror to me. I remember, when you were talking to me about becoming a missionary, you reminded me of many difficulties which I should meet, one of which was 'seasickness.' I supposed it must be a disagreeable complaint, but, I assure you, I knew not how *dreadfully dreadful* it is. Still, if I were now in America, and knew just the same I do, I should venture to cross the ocean, if there could be no *other way* of getting to Asia."

Journal. — "Feb. 4. After having sailed about 17,800 miles, we to-day anchored at Kedgeree,'

(a small village at the mouth of the Hoogly River, ninety miles below Calcutta.) "Mr. Shuck went ashore very soon, and was much pleased with all he saw. I shall go this evening, as the sun is now very hot, and I recollect my father cautioned me against exposing myself to the sun. The natives have brought us a great quantity of fruit to sell us; also, eggs, fowls, milk, and vegetables. We bought some of their fruit, and I like all kinds very much.

At night. We all went ashore this evening. I felt truly pleased to be again on land. The native huts remind me of our haystacks. We visited the only white family in the place. They were very polite and kind to us. The climate here is very delightful. It is cooler than it has ever been known to be — at least, for 50 or 60 years. The Americans have several times shipped ice to this country, and the natives say, that is the cause of its being so cool. Poor ignorant creatures! Their dress consists of a small piece of cloth wrapped around their loins. You cannot, my dear pa', tell how I feel, when I see that I am surrounded by a people who know nothing of Jesus. I bless the Lord that I am here. I feel more anxious than ever to labor for the destitute heathen. Yes, in a heathen land let me live, and let me die.

Feb. 5. Again visited land. Saw some beautiful trees and flowers. The cocoa-nut tree presents a lovely view. It is tall and slender, different from the pine-apple, which is a mere stump. As soon as we landed this morning, the poor degraded females flocked around us to beg for money. When they found we could not give

them any thing, they would hold up to us their children, hoping thereby to excite us to bestow our charity on them. It is perfectly useless to give these poor women any thing, for the more you give, the more you may. Nothing seems to satisfy them. I saw some beautiful little native children, and I offered to buy one, merely to see what the mother would say. But she immediately drew the babe to her, and said, in English, as well as she could, 'O! no, me can't sell child.' They are all very fond of their children.

Mr. S. has bought me a goat and a little kid. We go out night and morning to milk her. Goats' milk is much richer than cows'; but they give only a little. I am now in very good health — have not been 'seasick' for some time.

Feb. 6. Left Kedgeree, and are now proceeding on our way to Amherst. The distance from K. to A. is about 1200 miles. We hope to get there in ten or twelve days.

19. We are now in sight of Burmah's dark, benighted land. We can see distinctly from the ship the tall pagodas which are worshipped by the poor heathen. What happy feelings fill my mind at this time! I am now in sight of that land where I have so often desired to be.

20. Went ashore at Amherst. Saw the grave of the devoted Mrs. Judson. By her side, in the same bamboo enclosure, lies her little Maria.

> 'They sleep in Jesus, and are blest;
> How sweet their slumbers are!'

I shall send you a small branch of the famed 'hopia-tree.' One of the missionaries from Maulmain, (Mr. Osgood,) who came out last year, in the Cashmere, with brother and sister Wade,

hearing of our arrival, has come down to conduct us up to his house."

"MAULMAIN, FEB. 26, 1836.

Very dearest Father,

In the providence of my heavenly Father I am again permitted to write you, and I rejoice to inform you that my health is, at this time, perfectly good. Mr. S. and I have enjoyed the company of the missionaries here very much. We stay with sister Hancock, whose husband is now gone to distribute tracts. She is a sweet woman, and reminds me much of my own dear mother. Brother Judson lives next door. I am also charmed with him and his wife. She is a noble-looking woman, and appears very young. All the missionaries here have treated us with the greatest kindness.

I was very much surprised to see that the missionaries live in so much comfort. Their houses are very nice, cool, and large, made of bamboo; and as to living, I would as lief be here as in America. The fruits are truly delicious. I have never eaten better watermelons than are here; and we can obtain vegetables of all kinds. All we now need is the grace of God to sanctify and comfort our hearts.

I have seen many of the dear Christian natives. They seem delighted to have us come. An old lady told one of the sisters to ask me if I left any friends to come here. I replied, I left six brothers and sisters; and a father and step-mother. She looked at me very sorrowfully, and said, 'Poor creature! It is a great proof of her love to us.'

This morning Mr. Shuck and I walked to a

Bazar which the natives have here, and I bought me a nice shawl, and some other little things. They have almost every thing which you can call for. I have seen their pagodas and their gods — gods which I hope will erelong be worshipped by them no longer.

I must bid you again adieu. Kiss my beloved little brothers and sisters for me. Dear children! I hope the Lord may adopt them all as his own. Adieu, father, mother, sisters, brothers, all farewell.

Your dear absent daughter,
HENRIETTA SHUCK."

Journal. — "Feb. 28. After spending a week with our dear friends at Maulmain we bade them farewell, and took up our abode in the old Louvre. There are but two passengers besides Mr. S. and myself, and brother Reed and his wife. We are now on our way to Penang. It is likely we shall remain there about a week.

Mar. 8. We are now within two hundred and seventy miles of Penang. Weather very good. Last Sabbath brother Reed preached in the forenoon, and Mr. Shuck at night. Monday, being the first in the month, we had a prayer meeting. There were only four persons present, but we enjoyed ourselves, remembering the promise of the Lord to the few who meet in his name.

We are very much encouraged respecting the sailors. Five of them have professed an interest in the Redeemer. Three have applied for baptism. It has been some time since they entertained a hope; but I did not like to say much about it, for I was fearful it might be a mere pro-

fession. We all feel satisfied now, as far as we can judge, that they have, indeed, passed from death unto life.

Mar. 21. As circumstances have prevented me from keeping a journal, for the last several days, I will now mention all that has come under my observation, during this time, worth relating.

We arrived at Penang, on Wed. the 15th, and there remained until the 20th inst., at which time we set sail for Singapore. During my stay in Penang, I saw much to interest and please the mind of an American. It is, I think, without exception, the loveliest spot I have ever beheld Truly,

'Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile'

I suppose there are about fifteen European families who reside there — among them are two missionaries with their wives, Messrs. Beighton and Davis. The former is in the Malay department, the latter in the Chinese. Mr. B. has been laboring in Penang seventeen years, and has no satisfactory evidence that one single soul has been brought to the knowledge of the true God. Why is it that their labors have not been blessed? Mr. D. has but recently come to this place; consequently, he knows but little of the language. He seems to think it almost impossible for one to acquire the Chinese language; but I do not feel at all discouraged, for I know if the Lord has any thing for me to do, he will give strength to perform it.

The climate of Penang is truly delightful. Mr. Shuck and I took some very pleasant rides

in the palanquins. These are drawn by horses, and are built like our carryalls. The streets are very neat and regular. We saw a great many nutmeg-trees and pine-apples grow wild. I felt desirous that my dear little brothers and sisters should have some, as they are so very abundant here. There is a great quantity of fruits here. I am fond of nearly all kinds; but Americans generally dislike the fruits of Asia, on first coming here.

We are now on our way to Singapore, and I know not but that our ship will be attacked by pirates. They are great in number, and will seldom permit a vessel to pass without endeavoring to take it. Our men have to-day been getting their guns and swords in order (for defence) should they interfere with us. We know not what is before us; but we recollect that 'they who trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion.' An English bark, called the Bright Planet, is in company with us, on her way to Singapore. The two vessels, being so close together, may have some effect in keeping the pirates off.

22. Through the kindness of our heavenly Father, we have been protected through the past night from all robbers, and are spared to behold the beauties of another day. We see the piratical vessels at a distance; we think they take our ship to be a man of war, and therefore are afraid to venture near us.

28. We are now within twenty-five miles of Singapore, and thus far we have met with nothing to mar our peace. Surely, the Lord is good. As we have but little wind, we do not expect to get into port before to-morrow afternoon. Is it

possible I am now so near my place of destination? Yesterday, no doubt, was the last Sabbath that I shall ever spend on board the Louvre. Mr. Shuck preached, perhaps, his last sermon to the sailors. There are but three of them who give satisfactory evidence of being truly pious; and only two wish to be baptized. The other seems to think that sprinkling will do as well as *baptism*. O that the Lord may be with them on their way back to America, and keep them from the contaminations of their wicked companions!"

CHAPTER III.

Singapore — The Arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Shuck at this Place — Extracts from Mrs. Shuck's Correspondence and Journal during her Residence there.

The town of Singapore is on a small island of the same name, lying at the southern extremity of the Malay peninsula, about two degrees north of the equator. It was founded by the British, in 1819, and soon became a place of great commercial importance. It is under the government of the East India Company. It is a beautiful place, and has a delightful climate. Here Mr. and Mrs. Shuck landed on the 31st of March, 1836, and found a temporary home. A few extracts from Mrs. Shuck's letters and journal, written during her residence here, will furnish some interesting information, and exhibit the state of her feelings on witnessing the degrading influence of idolatry.

A Letter to her Father.

"April 21.

It is more than probable that Singapore will be our home for the next two or three years, or at least until (should the blessed Lord open a way) we can enter China. Of this, however, I cannot speak with certainty, as we are not our own, but the Lord's, and must hold ourselves in readiness

to go where and when he shall direct. It is said by the missionaries here, that Malacca, Penang, Singapore, or Batavia, are all better places to study the Chinese language than Bankok. Mr. S. has written to Dr. Bolles to inform him of this and other things, and until we hear from him we shall remain here.

I had indulged the hope that when I arrived here, I should find letters from my dear friends; but I was disappointed. We have been here three weeks, and day after day passes on, but no letters come. Seven long, long months to-morrow, since I heard from my dear pa'! Surely, surely, I am anxious to have some tidings of you. However, I will not complain, but content myself with the pleasing hope that I shall erelong receive a large number of letters from my *dear*, *dearest* relatives, now so many thousands of miles from me.

I will just here repeat that I am wonderfully pleased with our cook. His name is Ah Loo. He can do any thing, and every thing, I believe. He will frequently cook some little nice thing for a dessert, without our telling him. To-day, for dinner, he gave us a very delicious pine-apple pie. I call him a *cook*, because cooking is his chief business; but he by no means confines himself to that occupation. In the morning he comes in and sweeps all the rooms, and verandah, or porch, sets the table, brings in meals, and we shall need no other servant. I prefer keeping my chamber in order myself; but if Ah Loo sees me sweeping, he comes deliberately, and takes the broom out of my hand, and does it himself. The Chinese servants very soon become attached to those whom they serve, and are unwilling to leave them. We

hope this may be the case with our man, for if he continues to please us we shall be very unwilling to give him up. We are truly attached to him, and wish him to live with us on earth and in heaven.

A Letter to her Sisters.

"MAY 13.

As I believe it will always gladden your hearts to hear from your dear absent sister, I have this evening put down my work and books, for the purpose of writing a few hasty lines to you. You are, dear children, though separated by thousands of miles, still dear to me, and not unfrequently does my mind turn back to many joyful hours we have spent together under our dear father's roof. And have these happy hours passed to return no more? Yes, dearest sisters, it is even so. And I am here led to ask, Are you anxious to meet me in a better world? If so, why not endeavor to serve the same Being that I profess to serve? 'Tis not enough that we attend the Sabbath School — listen to the preached gospel — read our Bibles — and say our prayers. Though these things are done by all true disciples of the blessed Saviour, (as they have opportunity,) yet something else must be attended to. We must confess our sins, and forsake them. Have you, dearest children, repented of your sins? If not, I assure you it is time so to do. You may think that you are too young; but recollect that death snatches away the young as well as the old. Put not off, then, I beseech you, the time of making your peace with God. I wrote a long letter to you on board ship, on the subject of re-

ligion. Perhaps you have received it, and have already renounced your evil ways, and are now walking in the path which the children of God should tread. Happy, happy should I be to hear this of you. The Lord grant it.

I have obtained a Malay teacher, and shall study two hours every day until I acquire that language, which, being so simple, can soon be learned. I should at once commence Chinese, but the facilities for learning it are very few, and my dear husband thinks it better for me to postpone it a few months. I do not intend by any means to give it up entirely, although it is generally thought that the Chinese is too difficult for the weak mind of a female. There is a lady now in Singapore, who speaks Chinese very fluently; so I suppose, 'What woman has done, woman can do.'"

Letter to Mrs. J. C. K. and Miss V. R.

"MAY.

Beloved Sisters,

In accordance with a promise given you a short time before I bade a last adieu to the shores of my much-loved native land, I now sit down to write you a hasty line or two. I would write separate letters were it convenient just now, but the Louvre will leave here in a few days. The shortness of time, therefore, and numerous engagements, compel me now to present you a joint letter. Had I even enjoyed a tolerable degree of health, I should feel myself inexcusable for not having written to you both during the voyage; but I feel assured that you will pardon this neglect

when I inform you that I was 'seasick' nearly every day whilst I remained on board ship. However, it was the blessed Lord who afflicted me, and I will not murmur. Though I was, dear sisters, so incessantly sick, and sometimes thought that I should find a watery grave, yet my heavenly Father has seen fit to restore me to perfect health, and has permitted me to travel all the way from loved America to this place, where I am surrounded by millions of perishing souls. Do I not bless God that I have been thus highly favored? Yes, it is a privilege which I have long desired; and, now that I am here, I need much of the spirit of my adorable Master, who, whilst he was on earth, went about doing good. I need much to qualify me for the glorious work in which I hope to be engaged until the glimmering taper of life shall cease to burn. And may I not, dearest sisters, request your prayers for myself, and beloved companion, who has already enjoyed himself much in talking to the heathen, and giving them books?

When we arrived at this place, we expected to proceed immediately to Bankok; but now we cannot say where we are to live, as it is thought by the missionaries in Burmah, and in this place, that we should have many more facilities for acquiring the Chinese language in Singapore than elsewhere. Mr. Reed and Mr. Shuck have no connection with the Siam mission, which I suppose you know.

Singapore is said to be the healthiest situation in all Eastern Asia. There are, I suppose, about one hundred Europeans here, and I am grieved to say, that they are, according to the privileges

they have enjoyed, worse than the heathen by whom they are surrounded. I long to be in some spot in the midst of thousands of heathen, and have no European within hundreds of miles of me, for certainly the conduct of most of them retards the progress of the blessed gospel. There are three male missionaries here belonging to the American Board of Foreign Missions. Two of them are single — one is studying the Chinese language, and expects to enter China Proper, and the other is paying attention to Malay, with the intention of laboring in Borneo. There is one printer here from the same Board; also, a young man of the London Missionary Society studying Chinese, who hopes to labor in China.

Singapore is under the English government, and, with Penang and Malacca, forms one presidency. There are in the city of Singapore between fifteen and twenty thousand Chinese, from four to six thousand Malays, and two or three thousand of other nations. Delicious fruits of various kinds grow here. The best pine-apples and oranges can be obtained here for two cents apiece."

Journal.—"May 17. To-day the ship which bore me far away from home and friends, left this port. Feelings of a very peculiar kind filled my bosom as I gazed at her when she spread her sail, knowing that she will in a few months, if the providence of God favor, reach America, the home of my father, and the land of my early days. But I felt no desire to return with her. No! though nearly every tie which binds me to earth is in the land whither she goes, still I prefer remaining

behind. And why? That I may benefit the souls of the degraded heathen in whose midst I now am. My friends, I confess, are truly dear to me, but I trust I can say, 'The cause of Christ is much dearer.' It would mightily enhance my earthly happiness to live where they live, and die where they die; but if my heavenly Father may be better glorified by my bidding them adieu, and taking up my abode in a land of strangers, of idolatry and moral death, surely I prefer it.

25. Mr. S. takes a walk every afternoon for the purpose of distributing tracts. This evening I accompanied him. It was truly a pleasure to me to hear him converse with the poor perishing natives in their own tongue. He speaks the Malay language very well. It is, I suppose, the most simple of all languages.

27. To-day, while walking again with my dearest companion, I met with several Chinese women. This is the first time I have ever seen one. We conversed with them some time in Malay; and parted with the promise that they would call on me. It is positively forbidden by the government of China for their males and females, and particularly the latter, to leave that country; but such is the absorbing desire of the Chinese for money, that they often do leave their country, and hundreds and thousands may now be found scattered in various parts of the Eastern world, working hard, both by day and night, that they may gain riches. And are there not many in America, the happy land of Bibles, who, in this respect, are similar to the Chinese? I could name some who seem to think more of gaining wealth than of saving their own souls. Alas!

how little do they contemplate the striking sentiment of the Redeemer, expressed in the following words, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' And, again, 'How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven!'

28. Commenced studying the Chinese language. I feel happy to think I have at last made a beginning, and I sincerely hope to go on with it until I shall be able to communicate the truths of the gospel to the multitude who speak it.

June 1. There being at this time five female missionaries in Singapore, we deemed it expedient to hold a female missionary prayer meeting, hoping thereby to benefit our own souls, and those of all who may wish to attend. This was the regular afternoon for it. There was no one present, however, save sister Reed and myself; the others being detained, no doubt, on some account which could not be avoided. Though we were few in number, we felt that our wants were many, and had a delightful little meeting. The promise of our blessed Lord to two or three who meet in his name, was indeed verified.

We are very highly blessed in regard to religious meetings, considering we are in a land where there are very few who love to worship the true God. On Sabbath morning, we have the privilege of assembling in the English chapel, where we hear a sermon from the Rev. Mr. W. D. or T.

22. Since I last wrote, I have been confined to a bed of sickness and suffering; but my heavenly Parent has in a measure restored me. I am still, however, unable to go out. During my illness,

I met with many kind and attentive friends. The physician was remarkably kind, and regular in his attendance, and my dear husband staid by my bed continually, and would never leave me except when compelled."

A Letter to Mrs. Keeling.

"JULY 27

Many mercies have attended us since we parted from you; and now, the Lord be praised, we are enjoying good health, and are, we trust, in some degree blessed with the smiles of our adorable Redeemer. No doubt, were we to meet, face to face, your first inquiry would be, 'How do you like the important work in which you have engaged?' I have as yet, dear sister, done very little for the perishing heathen; but the prospect of being erelong able to communicate to them, in their own tongue, the unsearchable riches of Christ, imparts to me a happiness to which I have heretofore been a stranger; nor would I exchange my situation for any other on earth. Yes, dearest sister, the most ardent desire of my heart is now, in a measure, accomplished. I have witnessed the wretchedness of heathenism, and enough, too, to call forth every exertion on my part to snatch them from the pit to which the wheels of time are rapidly bearing them.

We hope to leave this place in a few months for China, but we do not know where will be our particular location. I have commenced studying Chinese, and have made a little progress. My dearest husband is so desirous of being acquainted with this language, that he studies with the teacher

five hours in the day without intermission, during which time the room echoes with the *lovely* sounds — 'Kong,' meaning to speak, 'cheek,' to read, 'sumamee,' what? 'Chillee,' this, 'T'allo,' where? and their kindred beauties. Mr. S. has made encouraging progress. He looks forward, with no little pleasure, to the period when he shall be able to preach, in Chinese, the gospel of Christ."

CHAPTER IV.

China — Origin of the Name — Its History — The Provinces of China — Its Language — Its Religion — Confucianism — Budhism — Taouism — Their Inefficacy.

Mrs. Shuck's next letter is dated at Macao, in China. As China was the scene of her subsequent labors and sufferings, and her burial-place, — as the opening of her five free ports for foreign missionaries, and the toleration of Christianity in the empire, have drawn the lively attention of the Christian world towards it, — and as it has been selected by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention as the principal field of their missionary operations, it is proper at this point to furnish some account of it. The following information is derived from a manuscript volume, entitled "Brief Sketches of some of the Scenes and Characteristics of China, by Mrs. Henrietta Shuck, 1841." In the preface she says, "Particular care has been taken to have the dates, statements, and every thing *correct*. The works consulted, and of which considerable use has been made, are the 'Chinese Repository,' Mr. Davis's recent work on 'The Chinese,' 'The Indo-Chinese Gleaner,' and several minor publications." The work is full of instruction and interest, and at some future day it may be given to

the public. We have selected, from fifty-three articles, as most suitable to the design of the present volume, those on *China* — The *Provinces* — The *Language* — and The *Religions*.

China.

"The Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, and Chinese empires were all contemporaneous; and, while the former only exist upon the page of history, CHINA still lives in vigor, and was never at any former period so extensive in point of territory as during the present dynasty. The immediate causes of her perpetuity have been differently stated by different individuals, but the prescribed limits of the present work will admit of no investigation with regard to the merits or demerits of these, as well as many other opinions respecting this country. There is little doubt but that there is no nation now living on the face of the earth which has claims to an antiquity so high. By some the Chinese have been supposed to have been a colony from Egypt, and from that class of persons, under the jurisdiction of Ptolemy, called *Sinae*. In all Latin writings by the Romish missionaries and others, the country is denominated *Sina*, and the people *Sinae*. The name 'China' is foreign to the Chinese themselves, and the origin of the term is not altogether clear. The Arabians, who were probably the first foreigners who traded to any extent with this empire, called it *Tsinin*, or *Tsin*, which was the name of an ancient and celebrated state in the south of China, near the present province of Fuhkien. The Portuguese, who were the first

Europeans that doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and also the first from Europe that traded with China, coming in contact with the Arabians, changed the *Ts* into *Ch*, and thus called the country *Chinian*, and the people *Chinians*.

From *Chinian* probably came the English word *China*, which at present is so extensively used. China, in her early history, was divided into a number of states, independent, to a considerable degree, of each other. The princes of these separate divisions soon commenced hostile contentions with one another, each one striving for the absolute sway of the whole land. The despot who succeeded in subjugating, at a cruel expense of human life, the dominions of his fellow-princes of the same race, ordered, in the exercise of his absolute and assumed control, three hundred thousand workmen to erect the far-famed great wall, with the design of keeping off the hordes of Tartars, who had already begun to make inroads upon the northern frontier. Soon, however, this dynasty was subverted, and another race of despots was seated on the throne. These soon gave place to others still more powerful, until more than twenty successive changes had taken place, when the whole empire was taken from the Chinese by the Manchow Tartars in 1643. The first emperor of the Tartar dynasty was Sun-che, who compelled all the Chinese either to have their heads shaved, after the fashion of the Tartars, or to have them taken off. Many chose the *latter*. The Chinese, previous to this, wore their hair in a bunch on the top of the head; but at present they glory in the custom of shaving the head, and in wearing the long cue,

which was forced upon them by their Tartar masters. Sun-che reigned eighteen years; and Kang-he, the second emperor of the present dynasty, ascended the throne in 1661, and reigned 61 years. Kang-he was a monarch of some genius and forethought. He encouraged literature, to some extent, throughout the empire, and has been much praised by the Jesuit missionaries, to whom, it is said, he showed special favors. In 1722, Yung-Ching took the helm of affairs, and reigned thirteen years; after which, in 1735, the fourth emperor, Keen-Lung, commenced his reign, which continued 60 years. The Chinese empire was never so large as during the reign of Keen-Lung. To this emperor was the unsuccessful embassy of Lord M'Cartney. Keen-Lung was succeeded by Kea-king in 1795, who filled the throne 25 years. Another unsuccessful embassy from England under Lord Amherst was to this emperor. Taou-Kwang, the sixth, and present emperor of the Tartar dynasty, ascended the throne on the 24th of September, 1820, and is now about 45 years old. The term *Taou-Kwang*, which means the *glory of reason*, is not the emperor's real name, but a title which he assumed when he succeeded to the monarchy. The real names of the emperors of China are said to be so very sacred, that it is considered profanity for the people to express them, and therefore they always assume other titles, when they commence their reign, and by which they are ever afterwards known. China, from remote antiquity to the present time, has groaned under an absolute despotism."

Provinces.

"The vast extent of territory comprised in the Chinese empire is estimated at three millions one hundred thousand and four hundred square miles, with a population of three hundred and sixty millions. Vast and extensive, however, as this single empire is, it has but little intercourse with the other nations of the earth. This great area is divided into eighteen distinct provinces. On the north are Chille, Shang-tung, Shan-se, and Honam; on the east, Keang-soo, Gan-hwuy, Che-keang, and Kuh-kien; the central provinces are Hoo-pih, Hoo-nam, and Keang-se; Shen-se, Kan-suh, and Sze-chuen are on the west; and the southern provinces Kwang-tung, Kwang-se, Yun-nan, and Kwei-chow. All the provinces are divided into Foos, Choos, Tings, and Këens, which are possibly somewhat similar, in certain respects, to our counties, districts, and townships. At the head of each of these divisions there is a special and responsible officer. The whole population, throughout the land, is partitioned off into divisions of one hundred families, and these are again divided into classes of ten families, over each of which division is also placed a responsible officer. As Kwang-tung, or Canton, is better known to Americans and Europeans, than any of the rest, it merits the first notice. This province, being exceedingly rich and fertile, produces numerous articles of export. Its inhabitants number about nineteen millions one hundred and seventy-four thousand. The provincial city, Canton, the only place at present, (1841,) within the confines of this great land, where foreigners are permitted

to reside, is said to be one of the greatest emporiums in all Asia. Its population is exceedingly numerous, many thousands of whom live on the water in small boats, which are their only habitations. The people of Canton greatly excel their countrymen in imitating articles of foreign manufacture, owing to the intercourse which for so many years they have had with foreigners. Kwang-se produces great quantities of grain. The mountains are rich in ore, and sometimes gold mines may be found. The government, however, has forbidden these mines to be extensively worked, for fear the cultivation of the soil will be neglected; husbandry being considered by the Chinese the most honorable employment of man. So thought William Penn. Unlawful ravages are frequently committed by the barbarian inhabitants of the adjacent country. Kwang-tung and Kwang-se are under a single governor. Kwielin-foo is the capital of Kwang-se. The province of Kansuh has been considerably enlarged by the addition of the Soungarian districts of Barkoul and Oroumtsi. Its mixed inhabitants amount to upwards of fifteen millions. Kwei-chow is a mountainous province, and produces only rice in small quantities. It is less populous than many of the other provinces. Keang-nan, the wealthiest of all the provinces, is remarkable for its splendid silks and japanned goods. Nanking, the former capital of the empire, has been abandoned for Peking. This was caused by Yung-lo about the fifteenth century. As it adds to the interest of the present dynasty, they retain Peking as their capital, it being near their native country, Mougden. Nanking, however,

is more central, and possesses a climate far superior to that of Peking. Many years ago, Marco Polo beautifully described a little island situated in this province, and by the name of the 'Golden Isle.' This is situated in the Yang-sze-keang River, not far from its mouth. It is inhabited by the votaries of Budha, and abounds in temples dedicated to their idol gods. Keang-nan is now divided into the subordinate provinces of Ganhwuy and Keang-soo. Shen-se province has Segan-foo for its capital, and produces sufficient food to meet the wants of its inhabitants, who number ten millions two hundred and seven thousand two hundred and fifty. This province includes nearly one hundred and sixty-seven thousand seven hundred square miles. Sze-chuen has the most extensive territory of all the provinces, comprising one hundred and seventy-five thousand six hundred square miles, with twenty millions four hundred and fifty-five thousand and six hundred inhabitants. Ching-too-foo is its capital. Much of the soil is rendered altogether unfit for cultivation by sand flats and mountainous ridges. Those parts, however, which admit of cultivation, are found to be rich and productive. Of Yun-nan and Shan-se provinces we can say but little, except that they are thinly inhabited, and the soil barren. The former is very mountainous, and is inhabited by many barbarians; but it produces opium, and also silver and other metals. Kuh-këen province comprises fifty-seven thousand one hundred and fifty square miles, with a population amounting to fourteen millions seven hundred and seventy thousand and four hundred. One part of this province, reaching

towards the south, is exceedingly barren and fruitless, not producing a sufficient quantity of the necessaries of life to supply the natives. However, it has under its jurisdiction Formosa, called by the Chinese 'Tei-wan,' the most fertile island in the world, and from thence it is supplied with great quantities of grain. Formosa is denominated the granary of Fuh-këen. The northern portions are not so barren, and they produce good teas in abundance. It abounds in excellent harbors, and carries on a brisk trade. Its inhabitants are an enterprising, as well as a commercial people, and more natives emigrate from this province to the southern parts of Asia, than from any other part of the empire. Hoo-pih and Hoo-nan now cover the area which was formerly known as the province of Hoo-kwang. The chief cities are Woo-chang-foo and Chang-sha-foo. These two provinces produce nothing for exportation, though the Chinese highly extol their fertility in their writings. Hoo-nan province is regarded as being the first place inhabited by Chinese. Here it is said Fuh-he (an emperor of the mythological period) held his court. Its population numbers twenty-three millions thirty-seven thousand one hundred and seventy-eight, who are remarkable for their industry and skill, and also for their learning and talents. Kae-fung-foo is the capital. The most remarkable incident connected with this province is, that it is the birthplace of the founder of the Ming dynasty. He was once a slave, but, joining a body of insurgents against the Mongol dynasty, soon became the chief of the army, and, proving successful in quelling the Tartars in all their battles, he finally drove them from the land,

which has caused him to receive the name of Hoong-woo — the 'Great Warrior.' Keang-se has an immense population, amounting to thirty millions four hundred and twenty-six thousand six hundred and ninety, dwelling upon seventy-two thousand one hundred and seventy-six square miles of land. Its soil is fertile, but the population being so very great, they have but little grain to export. The mountains abound with a variety of metal mines. The principal cities are Nan-chang-foo and Paou-choo-foo. The Poyang lake is in this province. From Keang-se to Kwang-tung, the adjoining province, a passage has been effected through a ridge of mountains; consequently there is constant intercourse between the two provinces. Chĕ-keang has a dense population of twenty-six millions two hundred and fifty-six thousand seven hundred and eighty, and contains fifty-seven thousand two hundred square miles. It is remarkable for its fine cities. Hang-choo-foo, the capital, is celebrated, throughout the empire, for the beautiful and romantic scenery which surrounds it. Chĕ-keang is noted for its rich emporiums, splendid silks, and green teas. Its chief seaports are Wan-choo, Chapo, and Ningpo. Shang-tung cannot boast of so much wealth as Chĕ-keang, since many of its inhabitants are forced, through poverty, to forsake their native country, and seek a subsistence elsewhere. This may, however, not proceed altogether from the barrenness of the soil. It has a numerous population, amounting to twenty-eight millions nine hundred and fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and sixty, with only fifty-six thousand eight hundred square miles. Through this province runs

the grand canal. Its chief seaports are Ting-choo-foo and Kaou-choo-foo. In this province is the birthplace of the celebrated Confucius. Chih-le, or Pih-chih-le, the province in which the imperial court is held, is sterile, and very flat and sandy. Peking, the residence of the emperor, is the capital of the province, and the metropolis of the whole empire, and is, unquestionably, the largest city on the Asiatic continent. The province contains fifty-nine thousand seven hundred square miles, with twenty-seven millions nine hundred thousand inhabitants. The whole coast is bordered with dangerous shoals, which greatly obstruct the navigation."

The Language.

"The *written language* of China is alike intelligible to the inhabitants of Japan, Cochin China, Loo-choo, and Corea, with those of this empire itself. In various parts of all these countries, however, the pronunciation of the characters widely differs, although their meaning is always the same. The written characters are interchangeably understood by these different nations in the same manner that the Arabic numbers are also comprehended in America and throughout all Europe. Thus, as Mr. Davis observes, taking the number 22, a Frenchman calls it *venght deux*, and an Italian, *venti due*. These different spoken pronunciations would be unintelligible to a speaker of the English language, but would be immediately comprehended were the figures 22 written down. The Chinese numerals expressive of the same amount are read by the inhabitants of Peking, *urh-shih-urh*, and by the

natives of Canton, *ee-shap-ee*, although both parties write them precisely alike. This advantage, which is characteristic of our numerals only, belongs to the *whole language*, not only of China Proper, but of all those other nations who use the same characters, and affix to them peculiar local pronunciations. The universality of the Chinese language, therefore, only pertains to the *written* character, and the natives who live in different regions, and read the same books, and perfectly understand each other on *paper*, are, in *speech*, almost mutually unintelligible. The whole number of the Chinese characters amount to eighty thousand; but a thorough knowledge of three or four thousand is sufficient for all practical purposes. There are two hundred and fourteen characters which are denominated radicals, and one or more of these enter into the composition of every character in the language. In the native dictionaries all the characters are arranged under their appropriate radicals, which facilitates the finding of them, and very frequently gives an insight to the meaning of the character sought for. Exclusive of the variations formed by the modulations of tones and aspirates, there are in the language but about four hundred and twelve significant sounds. There being, therefore, so many words, between whose sounds there is but the minutest difference, the natives, in order to be understood by each other, have recourse to the use of two words meaning the same thing. Thus *yung* signifies everlasting, and *yuen*, never-ending — very remote; but when they wish to convey the idea of eternal, or eternity, they say *yung yuen*. There being no inflection whatever in the lan-

guage, a great many particles are employed as indispensable, and the peculiar *positions* of words in a sentence, is the only means of distinguishing their relations to each other. Hence it becomes as necessary to study the proper collocation of words, as to become familiar with their common significations. Verbs must always follow their agents, and precede their objects. Time, also, must come first, as *ming* tëen lae, to-morrow come; *kin tëen ken*, to-day go. The pronouns are varied by different affixes, as *gno*, I; *gno tëih*, mine; *gno mun*, we; *ne*, you; *ne tëih*, yours; *ne mun*, ye; *ta*, he; *ta tëih*, his; *ta mun*, they. There are many words (or characters) used in writing the language, which they do not employ in speaking it, and *vice versa*. The Chinese have six different forms in writing the characters of their language. But two of them, however, are in most general use, namely, the form employed in printing books, which lays more claim to accuracy and perspicuity than freeness and elegance. The second is the most studied and useful form of the Chinese characters, combining elegance with correctness, and is employed, throughout the country, in writing all papers of consequence. A Chinese who cannot write in this style, with neatness and accuracy, has no valid claim to literary merit among his countrymen.

The third form is the *hing shoo*, or running hand; but it does not admit of entire freedom. The pencil is carried from stroke to stroke, without being taken up from the paper; but no abbreviations whatever, unless authorized by the popular native dictionaries, can be indulged in. This form is very frequently employed in prefaces of

books, and it is the general handwriting of all neat scribes. The fourth is an abbreviation of the running hand. It is sometimes used in keeping ordinary accounts; but to understand it fully requires a special study, and not unfrequently well-educated natives fail to comprehend it.

The fifth is the *shoo*, or official style, and was introduced about the commencement of the Christian era. It was originally intended for government writers, but is chiefly used for inscriptions and prefaces. The sixth form is what is called by foreigners "the seal character," being now principally used for seals. It is the most ancient style of Chinese writing, and is the first offspring of the hieroglyphics of antiquity.

Many and not unfrequent erroneous observations have been made with regard to the difficulties attending the acquisition of the Chinese language. The following remarks of the late Dr. Morrison are probably the most correct that have yet been penned on the subject.

'The acquisition of the Chinese language has often been represented as almost impracticable; and sometimes, on the other hand, it has been said to be very easy. It is of importance that the student should take the middle path, where indeed the truth lies. To know *something* of the Chinese language is a very easy thing; to know as much of it as will answer many useful and important purposes is not extremely difficult; but to be master of the Chinese language, the writer considers extremely difficult. However, the difficulty is not insuperable. It is a difficulty, which, (in the words of Sir William Jones, when speaking of the Persian language,) like all others in

the world, will be insensibly surmounted by the habit of industry and perseverance, without which no great design was ever accomplished. The student, therefore, should not undertake Chinese under the idea that it is a very easy thing to acquire; nor should he be discouraged under an impression that the difficulty of acquiring it is next to insurmountable.'"

Chinese Religions.

"In China there are three distinct and prevailing systems of religion, or philosophy, namely, that of CONFUCIUS, of FUH, or BUDHA, and of TAOU. These, however, do not hold equal rank in the nation, Confucianism being pretty generally held by the higher classes, and to a considerable extent might be regarded as the state religion of China. Kung-footze, or Confucius, as the name has been Latinized by the Roman Catholic missionaries, flourished about 580 years before Christ, and was therefore contemporary with the celebrated Pythagoras. He was born in the ancient and independent state of Loo, which is now comprehended in the province of Shang-tung. He was the son of an eminent statesman, and chief minister of his native country, and, being averse to the ordinary amusements of youth, he early and assiduously devoted himself to moral and political science, without turning aside to investigate or meddle with natural knowledge, or the prevailing superstitions of his countrymen. He taught much that was proper to be observed, wielded a powerful influence, and soon had a train of several thousand followers, many of whom gave them-

selves up entirely to the practice of their master's precepts. He is styled 'the most holy teacher of ancient times,' and the books he wrote and compiled have been handed down through successive generations, and they at present constitute the *Holy Scriptures* of the Chinese empire. The sage on one occasion remarked, that there were three things to beware of through life:— 'When a man is young, let him beware of his appetites; when middle-aged, of his passions; and when old, of covetousness especially.' Confucius was probably more *political* in his teachings than *religious*. However fine may be many of his sentiments, he makes no acknowledgments of an ever-blessed and Almighty God; and although, for more than two thousand years, he has been venerated and worshipped throughout the empire, at numberless shrines and temples, dedicated expressly to his memory, his doctrines, unaided by divine revelation, have not been effectual in causing his followers to live lives of even common morality. Pride, self-righteousness, blind inconsistency, shameful dissoluteness, lurking atheism, and a hungering and thirsting after unrighteous gain, are the prominent characteristics of the present followers of the great Confucius. He taught that a man should not live under the same sun with the murderer of his father, which doctrine itself would lead to murder. He died in his seventy-third year, and only a few days before his death, he restlessly moved about, leaning upon his staff, and with unhappy sighs exclaimed,

'The mountain is crumbling,
The strong beam is yielding,
The sage is withering like a plant'

It is said in a native publication, that, besides private shrines, there are in China more than one thousand five hundred temples dedicated to Confucius alone. In the same work, it is estimated that at the regular spring and autumnal sacrifices, offered to the manes of this departed mortal, there are immolated annually upwards of 62,000 victims, besides the offering of 27,000 pieces of beautiful silk, of various colors. The different victims sacrificed are enumerated as follows: —

Oxen,	6
Pigs,	27,000
Deer,	2,800
Sheep,	5,800
Rabbits,	27,000
Total,	62,606

In addition to the above, there are national sacrifices and offerings on the eighth month of every year, and Confucius comes in for no inconsiderable share. The sacrificial festivals are celebrated in the same month throughout the empire, and altogether at the national expense, in temples dedicated to their respective deities. They are as follows: On the

4th of the month, sacrifices and offerings are presented to Confucius.
5th, to the god of the winds, or Æolus.
6th, to the god of letters, or the Chinese Minerva.
12th, to the god of war, or Mars.
13th, to the god of fire.
14th, to the spirits of illustrious and faithful ministers.

15th, to the god of the Southern Ocean, or Neptune, who tranquillizes the sea.
16th, to the queen of heaven, and king of Dragons.
28th, to the deified sages.

The religion of Fo, Fuh, or Budha, was introduced into China from Hindostan, about the year 65 of the Christian era. It was spread through the empire by means of books and tracts, which were zealously distributed by its deluded votaries. It is said that the emperor Ming-te, of the Han dynasty, supposing a certain saying of Confucius to be prophetic of the discovery of some saint in the west, despatched several messengers to seek him out. They proceeded to India, and discovering the sect of the Budhists, prevailed on some of them to accompany them back to China, with a supply of their books and idols. The disciples of Fo in China say that he is one person, but that he has three forms, and these three forms are separately represented by three distinct gilded images, which they call 'the three precious or pure Budhas.' The great veneration for elephants, throughout Pegu and Siam, is said to have been originated by the circumstance of the mother of the god Budha having dreamed that she swallowed an elephant. The five following are the principal points of the doctrine of Budhism, and are addressed to the priests. 1. Do not kill any living creature. 2. Do not steal. 3. Do not marry. 4. Speak not falsely. 5. Drink no wine.—Budhist priests shave the whole head, live in monasteries, and constitute a society of craving mendicants, who live upon the

liberality of the idolatrous populace; and the fata. superstition to which they are devoted, has assumed the same shape in China, as in Burmah, Siam, Thibet, Cochin-China, Tartary, and Japan. Budhism, at present, is far from being flourishing in the Celestial Empire. The Roman Catholic missionaries to China have been repeatedly puzzled at the striking similarity of the ceremonies of Budhism to those of their own system. The Budhist priests practise celibacy, observe fastings and prayers for the dead, have holy water, and rosaries of beads, which, like the Catholics, they count with prayers. They also worship relics, and lead a monastic life, similar to that of the Franciscans.

The third religious sect in China is that of Taou, so called from its founder, who came into notice almost simultaneously with Confucius. *Taou* is the Chinese Epicurus, and inculcated a contempt for all riches, and honors, and worldly emoluments. He also taught that every passion which would in the least interfere with personal tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be strictly subdued. The priests of *Taou* style themselves '*Doctors of Reason*,' and also '*Celestial Teachers*.' They are also great pretenders of magic and alchemy, and endeavor hard to discover the elixir of long life, or immortality. Confucianism has no priest, except the emperor, but the priests of Budha and Taou are abundant. From the above systems of religion is excluded the glorious Deity as an object of worship, and they never allude to the mighty Ruler of all, but in the obscurest and most unsatisfactory manner. Those who have long studied the subject, say, that

'China is plunged by the religion of the philosophers into pantheism, or hidden atheism. We have endeavored to find God, the eternal Jehovah, the Almighty, the blessed and self-existing God, the Creator of the universe, but in *vain have we sought* among all the philosophy and religion which we have met with in China.' Were the brightest doctrines of the three religions combined, they never would prepare their followers for the service of their Maker on earth, or his presence in the mansions of bliss. The present condition of the three hundred and sixty millions of China, in a religious point of view, is gloomy and repulsive, and sufficient to awaken the liveliest sympathies of every bosom that cherishes a Christian's hope. The absurdities of the Chinese religionists, and the moral condition of China, at the present time, have been strikingly and correctly portrayed in a recent publication by Mr. Constant, of France. The religion of Confucianists 'supposes the existence of one only substance, without attributes, without qualities, without will, without intelligence.' The religion of the Taouists 'knows of no motive but blind fatalism, and no perfection but a blind apathy, without virtue and without vice; without pain and without pleasure; without hope and without fear; without desire and without dislike; and finally without *immortality*.' Voltaire, among other encomiums equally gratuitous, has declared that 'the constitution of China *is the best in the world*,' and yet in this same China we find religion reduced to frivolous and fastidious ceremonies, which only recall despised and forgotten opinions, etiquette in the place of feeling, a lifeless form for a belief, signs without

signification, a practice without a theory, irreligious abstractions for the high, and stupid superstitions for the people; the worship of spirits, and the most positive and gross materialism; for the rest the most grinding oppressions, the most absolute power, barbarous punishments, corruption without limits, craft in the service of fear, a complete absence of all generous sentiments, and an apathy which yields only to the love of gain, and a frightful fixedness, even over the traits of the melancholy and degraded human form. This is what we see in China."

CHAPTER V.

Macao — Description of it — Extracts from Mrs. Shuck's Letters, in Chronological Order — Difficulty of her Landing — Mr. Shuck's Visit to Canton — Chinese Burial — Orphan Boy — School — Hopes of Ah Loo's Conversion — Letters from America — Letter from Mrs. Shuck to Susan — Affectionate Exhortation — Chinese New Year — Baptism of Ah Loo — Lord's Supper — Chinese Girl, Jane Maria — Mrs. Shuck studying Chinese with Mr. Roberts — Translation of Baptism — Visit to a Heathen Temple — Sickness — Birth of a second Child — Friends in Macao.

We have already stated that Mrs. Shuck landed at Macao, in China. It is thus described by her shortly after her arrival there: "Macao is not an island, as is generally thought, but a peninsula, connected with the large island Heang Shan. It is between three and four miles long, and about one mile and a half wide. Macao belongs to the Chinese, but the Portuguese are permitted to have an anomalous government over their own countrymen. There are now settled here about 35,000 pagan Chinese, and between 3 and 10,000 Portuguese. It has truly a delightful climate; and it is romantically situated, ninety miles south of the mighty city Canton, with which it has daily communication, as well as frequent intercourse with many other parts of this vast empire. We are now feasting ourselves on the pleasant winter season. And I assure you," (she was addressing her father,) "we pos-

sess great enjoyment, and much social happiness around our blazing fires of English coal, and almost imagine ourselves in America. There is a great contrast between the climates of Macao and Singapore. There is scarcely ever any change in the weather in Singapore. Here we sometimes have about two or three weeks of intensely cold weather, and then a few days will intervene of delightfully warm and pleasant weather; and these variations continue throughout the winter season, which lasts about four months."

We shall proceed with the extracts from Mrs. Shuck's letters in chronological order.

"Macao, Nov. 24, 1836.

My own dearest Father,

Without ever having heard a word from you since the 22d of Sept. 1835, I again attempt to relate for your perusal the events which have occurred with us within the last two or three months. I expect some time before you receive this, you will have read with delight a letter from my dearest husband, informing you of the birth of our lovely son. I think he also mentioned his intention of leaving Singapore for this place, as soon as circumstances would permit. About three weeks after my confinement, we embarked on board the Layton, Capt. W., and, after a passage of nineteen days, came in sight of Macao. Mr. S. landed as soon as practicable, and became acquainted with the few missionaries now stationed here, amongst whom is the Rev. Mr. G. He strongly insisted on conducting us to his house. Mr. S. was detained on shore all night on account

of the boisterous weather. In the morning, however, he arrived in a boat belonging to a Chinaman, for the purpose of taking us ashore as quickly as possible. We hurried ourselves, and, after getting all things ready for leaving, the Chinaman, seeing me and the baby's nurse, said, 'O, me no can't take them two womens ashore. The mandarines (Chinese magistrates) make me pay great deal money.' The magistrates will not allow the Chinamen to land females, but they do not prohibit them from landing in the ship's boat; which I should have done, but unfortunately it had gone ashore the previous night, and could not return by reason of the high wind. The Chinaman at last agreed to take me to another ship, which was close to the water's edge, and the captain kindly sent me ashore in his own boat.

We accepted Mr. G.'s kind and polite invitation. After remaining at his house for several days, Mr. S. became exceedingly anxious to visit the mighty city, Canton. Mr. and Mrs. G. insisted that we should not remove to our own house until his return. Mr. S. was much pleased with Canton. He returned in about ten days. We very soon became again quietly situated at home."

To Mrs. Keeling.

"Nov. 29, 1836.

You will, no doubt, dear sister, wish to know how I am now employing my time. I hope I am endeavoring to make myself useful. Soon after our arrival here, we took into our family a little Chinese boy, whom we feed and clothe. I immediately commenced teaching him the English

alphabet, and was both surprised and delighted to find him uncommonly apt. He very soon became perfectly acquainted with his letters, and he is now spelling, and can write very well. That a child can write well before he can read, to you may appear odd, but it is often the case that Chinese children can write very beautifully, when it is almost impossible to teach them to read.

A few days ago, as my dearest husband and myself were taking our usual walk in the evening, we met with a funeral procession. We found from inquiry that the Chinaman they were about to inter was very poor, having no relatives near him, with the exception of a dear little son, who was at that time seated near the dead body, weeping most piteously. I could not refrain from shedding tears myself, when I saw this poor little boy, though indeed a *heathen*, was possessed of natural affection. He seemed as if his heart would break when the body of his father was laid in the cold and silent grave. I felt as if I would be willing to take him to my own home, and share with him my last mouthful. I asked Mr. S. to see if the men who were with him would give him to us, little thinking they would, indeed, consent. But they very willingly parted with the child, and we brought him home with us. He is now, I hope, ours. I feel the greatest affection for these my little pupils. They are both studying the English language with me, and their own with a Chinese teacher. I hope, and humbly pray, that as they grow in years, they may also grow in the knowledge of that adorable Saviour, who died to redeem them. Will you not, my dear Mrs. K., when remember-

ing, in your private devotions, those intrusted to your care and instruction, also think of my poor little heathen boys?"

The Chinese bury their dead with many superstitious ceremonies. In allusion, probably, to the scene described above, Mrs. Shuck, in her "SCENES IN CHINA," says, "I witnessed, not long since, the burial of a Chinaman. The coffin was entirely different from any I had ever before seen. It seemed nothing more than a huge log of wood. It is made by splitting two logs of wood in halves, hollowing out each portion, and nailing the four pieces together, leaving the round sides out. The form of their tombs is precisely similar to that of the Greek letter Omega, Ω, which circumstance, considering that the grave is the end of man's earthly career, and that the Greeks used that letter to signify *termination*, might be regarded as a striking coincidence. After interring the man, the Chinese who attended the burial, commenced beating loudly their gongs, and making quite an unpleasant noise. They did not forget to supply the deceased with provisions of various kinds. His son, walking around, threw into his grave a few cash and some rice. After bowing down, and striking their heads against the ground, burning gilt paper, and placing colored strips of the same material at both ends of the grave, to propitiate the attendant spirits, they all departed."

To her Father.

"JAN. 17, 1837.

Doubtless you will be much gratified to hear that my little school is increasing. I am greatly

encouraged in regard to the little boys. They seem anxious to learn to read the English language, and make good progress. I open my school about 10 o'clock in the morning, and close at 12. The children are then sent to a Chinese school, in which they remain about the same length of time.

I am pleased to say that my dear husband and I are going on encouragingly with the language. He goes ahead rapidly, while I creep slowly on behind. It is certainly a *difficult* language to learn. But, in the strength of the Lord, we both hope to overcome the difficulty. Indeed, I think Mr. Shuck will very soon be able to speak and read it like a Chinaman.

I am delighted to tell you that Ah Loo, (the man mentioned in my first letter from Singapore,) who is still with us, gives us great reason to believe him to be a *converted man*. Ever since he came into our employ, which is now about ten months, he has conducted himself in a most Christian-like manner. He would never purchase any thing on the Sabbath, which is always the custom of the heathen. A few nights ago, Mr. S. was speaking to him on the subject of religion, and he openly confessed that he loved the Saviour, and prayed to him. He said that it had been two years since he worshipped idols, and that he had been reading Christian books three or four years. I humbly hope he may not be deceived. May the work of grace already begun in his heart be continued!"

To Mrs. Hall.

"JAN. 23, 1837.

With the greatest pleasure imaginable do I seat myself for the purpose of replying to your affectionate letter, now before me, bearing date Feb. 1836. This is the first letter I have received from you since I left the shores of my native land. On the evening of the 21st, as my dearest companion had just left me to take his accustomed walk, I was all alone, sitting at the fireside, when I heard a rap at the door. One of my little Chinese boys, hearing the knock, ran to open the door. A Chinaman entered, having in his hands a large bundle, which he laid on the table, saying, 'This is for Mr. Shuck.' My curiosity was not enough excited at first to see what the bundle contained, and it lay for some time just where the man left it. However, as Mr. S. was absent rather longer than usual, I concluded I would open it. And what was my joy and surprise when I found it was a package of letters and Heralds for us, from our dear distant friends! I assure you, my dear mother, that I was completely overpowered with joy. *Your* letter was the first opened, and whilst reading it, such was my heart-felt joy, that I could not refrain from shedding tears. The dear little Chinese children, seeing me weep, thought of course that the letter I was perusing contained something unpleasant, which made them sad. They would not leave my side, and appeared every moment as if they would burst into tears. I was too much overcome to explain to them the cause of my weeping. The old woman too, who nurses my dear little Lewis Hall, was affected to tears,

and brought the child to me, saying, 'Kiss mamma! Poor mamma!' Our man, to whom we are strongly attached, also came to know the cause of my apparent distress, and, seeing me standing, brought a chair for me to sit in. Though he said not a word, I could plainly perceive that he, with all the rest, sincerely sympathized with me. I mention these circumstances that you may see that affection dwells in the hearts of blinded heathen as well as in those of others. I feel doubly attached to each one of our little group. My dear husband soon came in, and explained to them all they wished to hear."

To account for the intensity of Mrs. Shuck's emotions, it should be known, as indeed it has been already intimated, that she had been long and anxiously expecting letters from her friends in America. Vessel after vessel had arrived, bringing letters to the other missionaries, but none to her or her husband. 'Hope deferred' had made her heart sick. At length, nearly a year from the time they were dated, the letters came suddenly to hand — the first she had received from home. No wonder that her feelings were overpowering, and sought vent in tears.

To her Sister Susan.

"JAN. 23, 1836.

Your truly kind and affectionate letter calls for an answer from your fond sister Henrietta. I had long been anxiously wishing for the time to arrive, when I should be permitted to read an epistle written by the hand of her, to whom I am united by the strong and endearing ties of sisterly love. At last the long-desired and greatly-

wished-for letter has come to hand, and with much heart-felt satisfaction have I perused it. Your image, my dear Susan, is often before my mind's eye. Never do I allow a single day to glide away without thinking much of that loved circle, of which I once formed a part. And frequently too do I absent myself from the presence of all but the ever-searching eye of God, and withdrawing my mind from all sublunary concerns, do I pour forth my supplications on behalf of that little group, to which I hope again to be united in realms of never-ending happiness.

You say in your letter you were greatly distressed at the time of our final separation on earth, although you did not appear to be so. I know full well, my affectionate Susan, what your feelings were, for I have experienced the same. You go on to say, 'I cannot believe we are separated forever.' Nor can I. Did I think that the many, and, I trust, earnest petitions, which have been offered up by your brother and myself even since we last saw you, that you might be truly converted, were to be lost, I should think that praying is almost in vain. But, dearest Susan, on the contrary, I do cherish the soul-cheering expectation that we shall spend together a happy *eternity*. You have been long thinking on the subject of religion, sufficiently long to have come to some decided point. I hope that the next communication from you will contain the pleasing intelligence that you have come out from the world, and publicly declared yourself to be on the Lord's side. Since I parted from you, I have written many letters, both to you and my dear little Isabella, on the subject of religion.

But I will here ask if she does not feel a desire to obtain an interest in the blood of the Saviour. Does she not feel herself to be a great sinner in the sight of a holy and just Being? And will she not flee to the outstretched arms of Him who hath said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'? Isabella has been more than once on the point of dying. Just about this time, two years ago, she was so severely burned that many believed her to be very near the grave. But the Lord, in his wisdom and loving-kindness, saw fit to spare her. Will she not now be entreated by one, who, though far distant, still loves her, and feels an anxious solicitude for her future welfare, to devote her days to the service of the King of kings? I shall continue to bring your cases before Him who has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'"

To her Father.

"JAN. 27, 1837.

In a few days from this time the Chinese new year will commence. Precisely at the beginning of the New Year's Day, they bathe their bodies in perfumed water, dress in their nicest clothes, and, remaining at home, worship their household gods, and fire off crackers. After they have concluded family worship, they go to worship the gods at the temples. All mercantile business is stopped for eight or ten days, during which time visits of rejoicing are made to their friends and relations, that are all returned; and they invite each other to indulge in the joy of the Chuntseu — 'the wine of spring.' From the 'Yuetan,' or New Year's Day, to the fifteenth

of the month, they choose lucky days to suspend flower lanterns on the houses and temples. Those days are lucky, they consider, when the wind blows from the north, west, east-north, or north-east. I expect the place will be quite in an uproar, and we shall have nothing but noise and bustle for a number of days."

To Mrs. Keeling.

"Feb. 2, 1837.

I rejoice greatly, my dear Mrs. Keeling, to inform you that only a few nights since, my husband had the unspeakable privilege of burying with Christ in baptism a willing convert from idolatry. He is a Chinaman, and is named Ah Loo. He has been living in our family for the space of eleven months, during which time he has conducted himself in a most Christian-like manner. I assure you that our joy at this delightful event cannot be described. We feel that this of itself is worth all the toils, pains, and sacrifices we have borne."

To her Sister Susan.

"March 22, 1837.

I have no fears that pa' will neglect the education of his girls, for I know well his views on that subject. I am sure he will put you in some good school as soon as he can. Only let me say to you, my dear sisters, do your part — be studious — let every passing moment find you acquiring something useful and important. Do, not as I have done, but as I now tell you. Much of my precious time has been thrown away. I sincerely repent, and feel ashamed of myself, when I

remember how much money my dearest father spent on my education; and where is the knowledge which I should have gained? Susan and Isabella, follow not the example I have set you. It was a bad one.

You say in your letter, 'Dear sister, I am afraid that climate will not agree with your health; but if it does not, I hope you will return with your husband to America.' Really, when I read this sentence I could but smile. The climate, it is true, is not so salubrious as the one to which in former years I was accustomed; but my health does not seem quite so important to me as it does to you. True enough, without health I shall be of little use to the Chinese; but, I trust in the Lord, it will never be so bad as to compel me to forsake them entirely. As yet I have been as well as when in America. I have not had bilious fevers, croups, headaches, &c., since I left you all. And, so far as I can judge, from present circumstances, I shall never 'return to America.' It is not my wish, dearest Susan. The souls of the heathen are dear to my heart, and for their salvation I am willing to relinquish the comforts of my dear home, the privileges I once enjoyed, and health too, if it is the Lord's will. I think, if you will reverse your wish that I should return, and think of giving *yourself* to the heathen, after having first given your heart to the Saviour, it would be much better for all parties."

To Mrs. K. and Mrs. S.

"May 7, 1837.

On last Lord's day Mr. Shuck administered the Lord's supper. It was a delightful time

Frequently have I partook of these emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our adored Redeemer, but never before under such circumstances. Far away in a heathen land, where all around is wrapped in profound gloominess, and with a converted Chinese. This was a privilege — a privilege of which many are destitute. May we improve the numerous blessings we enjoy, and finally, with all our dear Christian friends, meet above to praise forever our blest Redeemer.

My dear friends, I have now something to communicate, in which, I trust, you will be greatly interested. I have recently met with a poor little Chinese girl, about six years old, whom we have adopted as our own child. Her case is peculiarly interesting. Her mother, imitating the example of other heathen mothers, sold her to a Chinaman, who kept her only a few months, and sold her again to another Chinaman and his wife, whose hearts, if they were in possession of such a thing, would not allow them to bestow on her a single act of kindness. They used her cruelly, and made her perform such labor as could be expected only from older and stronger persons. And it seems that these cruel people, not satisfied with this, even denied her necessary food. By chance an American, on the eve of leaving this place for his native land, saw her, and feeling anxious to rescue the dear child from death, — for she was indeed on the shore of another world, — offered to buy her. Fortunately the Chinaman consented, and received for her the sum of ten dollars. The gentleman did not wish to take the child home, and hearing that I was anxious for a little Chinese girl, presented her to me. She is now liv-

ing in our family, and is standing by my side at this very moment. Her name is Jane Maria, after yourselves. Mrs. Wade in her letters remarks that 'the naming of a heathen child is merely nominal, as we never call them by their English names, nor do they even know that they have received such names.' Whatever may be the difficulties which present themselves to the naming of children in Burmah, I have found nothing more easy in China. This little girl knows herself by no other name than the one we have given her, and no one else does. She always answers when I call for Jane Maria, and I am certain she will never have any other name. I most affectionately commend her to your patronage."

To Mrs. Hall.

"JUNE 13, 1837.

Brother Roberts is living with us. He is an active and godly Christian. We study Chinese together. We are reading a native Chinese book, called, by them, San-tsze king, meaning *Three character classic*. We study about four hours each day. I feel greatly encouraged in regard to my progress in the language. Mr. S., like the hare, runs on a great way before me. He studies very intensely, and is exceedingly anxious to translate the Scriptures into Chinese. In the Bible, and other books translated into Chinese by the Pedobaptist missionaries, *baptism* is represented as meaning any thing else but the total immersion of a believer in the name of the Lord Jesus. In the latest edition of the Chinese New Testament, for baptism is put *Se le*, meaning 'the washing ceremony.' I would not have you

think that I, or any of the rest of us, say that the Pedobaptists have not done their duty, as to giving many other parts of the word of God correctly to the heathen. It is only on one point — *baptism* — that they fail. This you will, doubtless, agree with me should be represented as something more than a 'washing ceremony.'"

To her Father and his Family.

"JULY 1, 1837.

Very frequently Mr. Shuck and I take a walk to the neighboring villages, where we see temples of the heathen, dedicated to their idols. The last time we were at one of these temples, we saw a young lad worshipping. I went up to him, and listened to what he was saying, but could only hear distinctly a few words. He was standing at a table before a large image, having in his hands a stick, with which he continued, for some time, striking on two round pieces of wood, that were lying on the table, chanting all the while. I took from my bag a Christian book in Chinese, and offered it to him. He, however, only glanced at me, and went on with his idolatry. I soon left him, and went with Mr. S. into some other parts of the temple. After a short time, the lad came where I was, and said, 'You offered me a book just now. I will take it now, if you will give it to me.' I gladly gave him the book, humbly hoping that some good might result from his perusing it. In return for what I had given him, he said he wished to give me something, and asked me if I could read Chinese. I told him I could, *a little*. He immediately ran off, and soon came back with a book, and desired me to accept

it I read one page to him; as it was the book that I was then studying, I read it pretty correctly, which quite pleased the boy."

To her Father.

"Dec. 16, 1837.

Your affectionate letter of June 27 reached us about five weeks ago. It was, as indeed are all *your* letters, read with feelings of peculiar interest and delight. How does it gladden my heart to hear from my endeared pa', to read letters written by his own dear hand, and to perceive by them that he is laboring for the Lord, and delights to labor! I should long ere this have answered yours, and other communications received at the same time, but for sickness in our family. My beloved husband has been very sick, with a dangerous disease, (dysentery,) for about nine weeks. My sweet little Lewis had something of the same, though in a much milder form. And in the midst of all, my confinement took place. But the Lord was good. In a few days afterwards I was well, and able to attend on my affectionate husband, which I esteemed a privilege as well as a duty. During Mr. S.'s sickness we received letters from brother Davenport, informing us that our dear brother Reed was no more, and that his mortal disease was dysentery. Imagine my feelings, dearest pa', when I beheld my own Lewis looking so pale and ghastly, and fearing that I too, as is poor sister Reed, might soon be left a widow, in a strange land. I could scarcely believe that he would ever recover, for when once in this climate the dysentery attacks, it is seldom cured. However, my prayers were heard: the

Lord in mercy restored my beloved companion; and, I trust, we shall yet see many happy days together, laboring in the Lord's vineyard.

Be assured that we are all happy in our work, and do not regret having, in all probability, left forever, in this world, our dearest friends. We often think of your dear family, and we could not forget, even were we to try, the precious days we have spent together.

> 'How can we e'er forget those hours
> Of social bliss and joy?
> No *space* can their remembrance hush,
> Nor time their sweets destroy.'"

To her Step-Mother.

"Dec. 28, 1837.

You will doubtless rejoice with me, dear ma', at the birth of my lovely and *second* son, named Ryland Keeling. His birth took place on the 29th of Oct. The day previous was my birth-day. I was just twenty years of age. The Lord has indeed been merciful to me. My dear mother, if any one on earth should devote herself entirely to the service of the Lord, it is myself, for I have received many, *very many* mercies from his hands. May I never forget whence these blessings come, and ever possess a growing interest in the work of my heavenly Father!

Sometimes, when contemplating past scenes, enjoyed with dear friends in *old Virginia*, and knowing that they are to return no more, the tear starts, and my heart seems too full to refrain from weeping. I would not have you think, however, that I ever feel unhappy, or that I have *one* wish to return to them. No, far from it. In some

part of this heathen land, let me live, let me labor, and, in the midst of the heathen, may I, if consistent with the will of Heaven, breathe my latest breath.

Though very far distant from my native land, and loved connections, I have here found friends who are as kind as those I left behind. I am sure it will give joy to my dear father, mother, brothers, and sisters, when I tell them of the repeated acts of kindness that I have met with from certain individuals in this place." Here Mrs. S. records her grateful acknowledgments of the kind and faithful attentions of Dr. C. and his amiable lady, and the generous beneficence of Mr. and Mrs. K. and of Mrs. E. How cheering and refreshing are these instances of kindness from strangers in a strange land! They are lovely and profitable exhibitions of human character, worthy of an enduring memorial. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones," said incarnate Goodness, "a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

CHAPTER VI.

1838 — Remarks — Correspondence of Mrs. Shuck continued — Blind Girl — Filial Devotion of Mrs. S. — Ah Loo's Visit to his Friends — Goes to Bankok with Mr. Dean — Death of Lucius — Consolatory Letter to Mrs. Hall — Death of Mrs. Jones — Revivals in America — Susan's Conversion — Mrs. Shuck's Advice to her — Fall of Ah Loo — Exhortation to Isabella — Climate of Macao — Severe Illness of Mrs. Shuck — Her Feelings — Thoughts of sending her Children Home — Robbers cause the Death of a Chinaman — Rich Orphan — Class under Instruction — Remarks by the Compiler on the Education of the Children of Missionaries.

Another year (1838) has commenced. Mrs. Shuck is still at Macao, and still endeavoring to perform, with fidelity and diligence, the duties of her humble, but not unimportant station. From the ample materials furnished by her correspondence, let us pursue the narrative of her trials, anxieties, and vicissitudes, and record her observations on the scenes and events which she witnessed.

"January 10. Hearing a loud talking beneath the window to-day, I went to ascertain who were talking. Several Chinese females, and an old man, with a poor little blind girl, were standing outside. As soon as they saw me, they all cried out, with one accord, to know if I would not like to purchase the little girl whom they had brought. They seemed exceedingly anxious to get rid of the child, and continued calling to me 'She is

blind,' they said, 'and only six years of age. Do you not wish to buy her?' The price they had set upon this poor little object of pity was *ten dollars*. I spoke but little on the subject — told them I did not design purchasing their child; and walked away with some such reflections as these: What a vast and deeply affecting contrast between the children of Chinese parents, and those whose privilege it is to dwell in lands where Christianity triumphs! In the one, we see them tenderly nurtured in the lap of maternal love. When disease seizes them, how intense the solicitude of the mother! She watches by their bed-side without one wish to leave; but if compelled, for a moment, to do so, how eager is she to return! But, on the other hand, how differently are the children of the Chinese mother reared! The disease and misery to which they are born are indescribable. When ill, they have no endearing mother, whose delight it is to attend to their wants. They become ill, they suffer, they die, uncared for and unthought of. If they should happen to be blind or lame, or disabled from work, how joyfully will those, whose duty it is to befriend and support them, part from them forever, for the sake of gaining a *few dollars!* With what pity should the happy citizens of America look upon the untaught millions of China! How frequently and fervently should they pray that the Chinese may be guided by that light which will lead the husband to gaze on his wife as indeed a companion of his bosom, and not a slave, and the mother to look on her sons and daughters as blessings from on high, and so to train them as to fit them for the skies!"

To her Father.

"March 22, 1838.

What can afford me greater satisfaction than to write to my beloved and distant father? Him, who watched so parent-like and tenderly over me during my years of childhood, who delighted to see me delighted and contented, and who would, at all times, take pleasure in conferring on me such favors as might amuse me in my 'childish glee.' Dearest pa', the tears steal rapidly down my cheeks, nor will I check them. It affords me a pleasure to think of those happy days, and weep. But still there are other days and other years equally dear. Yes, when my childish hours had passed, and I had arrived at an age when I most needed a father, a friend, a counsellor, protector, it was then I felt your worth; and I well knew of whom to seek advice, and on whose advice and guidance I might well depend. I considered you next to my heavenly Parent. Was I not right for so doing? Who on earth took such intense interest in all my concerns as my father? What, I again ask, can afford me more pleasure, now that I can no longer hold converse with you orally, than to do so in the present form? The Lord, in his infinite wisdom, has seen it right to separate me from that father, that tender father, whom I love to remember, but he has not left me without a friend. He has blessed me with a devoted companion; one, too, who well supplies the place of my dear pa'. He is happy if he sees me happy, and troubled if he sees me troubled. How truly kind has my heavenly Father been to me! May I ever serve him with a devoted spirit, and never may I forget for a moment the hand

that supplies me with the blessings and comforts of life.

I dare say you will be pleased to hear that the devoted Ah Loo has returned. We delivered your message to him, and he threw down his head, as if to hide the tear which glistened in his eye, indicating that he felt humbled that Christians in America should feel interested in him. He says, during the time he has been in his own country, and amongst his own friends, that he has spent much time in talking to the people about Jesus, the Jesus whom he loves and serves; also that there are fifteen or twenty persons who seemed greatly interested in his recitals, so much so that they said, if they had only money enough to pay their passage to Macao, they would come to see Mr. Shuck, and hear more about this Jesus. Were it practicable, both Mr. S. and myself would at once take up our journey, and visit these people; but in the present state of things it would not be at all advisable."

Rev. Mr. Deane, of Bankok, having visited Macao for his health, and spent some time in the family of Mr. Shuck, was about to return to his field of labor. This statement will explain the ensuing extract.

To her Father.

"APRIL 4, 1838.

Brother Deane has been studying the Tea Chew dialect, which is Ah Loo's native tongue. There is a great number of Tea Chew people in Bankok, and brother Deane proposed to us to let Ah Loo go with him, as he felt quite sure that he could be more useful there than in Macao. You

will be surprised, I dare say, to hear that both Mr. S. and myself gave our consent. Nothing could have induced us to do so, but the hope of his benefiting the Chinese in Bankok. He is gone on an errand of mercy. May the best of Heaven's blessings attend him! It is likely he will join us again at some future day; but we do not wish ever again to employ him as a servant. We wish him to be the servant of Christ, and to see him go from place to place, publishing to the dying Chinese the gospel of peace.

Would that I could now tell you, my dear pa', of some others who are treading in the footsteps of Ah Loo; but, alas! alas! the Chinese seem mad in their idolatry. What a mighty work lies before us! How much to do! How few to do it! Were we to depend (merely) on our efforts, how surely should we fail! But, no, blessed be the Lord, we have a high, holy, and eternal God, to whom we may look. On his promises, gracious as they are, we depend. We can be strong, if he strengthens us. Then we will, and we do, hope for better things; though, at present, gloom hangs over all the prospects of China's speedy redemption."

To Mrs. Hall, her Step-Mother.

"JUNE 4, 1838.

And now, my dear, deeply afflicted ma', I must, before I proceed any farther with my letter, recur to the painful subject alluded to in your letter, the death of my sweet, interesting little brother, and your darling son. And is it true? Is my precious little Lucius no more? Am I to behold his face no more on earth? I assure you,

my dear ma', I feel, and deeply feel too, though I had not seen him for years, and hardly expected ever to behold him in this world again. I rejoice, however, that he is taken from this poor unfriendly world, ere he had received any injury from living in it. He can never sin now. No, sainted little one, sleep in Jesus, till the morning of the resurrection; then your dear mother, now in tears, and your poor unworthy 'sis. Net.,' will shake hands with you in heaven. Happy, happy meeting! No death can enter that blessed abode, and tear from our fond embraces some object of love. Do not grieve, dear ma'. Think of the perfect, unfading happiness of your loved Lucius. Our heavenly Father has done it all for the best. I know it must have been hard, very hard, to part with him. His conversations to you, of which you inform me, are truly interesting. Young as he was, when last I saw him, he was an uncommonly interesting child, and I felt, as Susan says in her letter, 'He was to us a season given.' I did not think he would live many years. But let us think how much more lovely he is *now* than when on earth — clothed in robes of spotless white, and singing in rapturous strains the praises of that blessed Jesus, of whom he used to talk with you. Yes, his little hand has already seized the palm of victory; and none of us have ever beheld him so beautiful, so perfect, as when we shall see him another time. But I will leave this painful, afflicting theme, for I fear I shall only open afresh the bleeding wounds of your heart. Suffice it to say, that both Mr. S. and myself most deeply sympathize with you, and devoutly pray that these afflictions, ordered by our kind and

tender Parent, may work out for you, and for all the friends, the weeping friends of precious Lucius, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Your darling Carey Judson is still left. Train him, dear ma', for heaven. Look not upon him as your own — do not place too much affection on him. This is what we are too liable to do; and our Saviour will not permit us to love any object above himself. My love for my dear husband and children is, I fear, sometimes too ardent; and all I can do is to bow to my Father in secret, and beg him to keep my affections at the right mark."

To Mrs. Davenport, Bankok, Siam.

"JUNE, 1838.

My dear Frances,

I have just heard that the vessel by which we hastily prepared some letters for Bankok, has not yet left, and I have a few moments in which to pen you a line or two. I wrote a long letter to sister Jones yesterday, and in two hours afterwards received a letter from brother Deane, containing the truly melancholy intelligence that she is no more. Sincerely do I sympathize with her bereaved husband, her dear little helpless babes, and the missionary circle. Truly, you have all met with a loss, and a *great* one too. She was, doubtless, highly qualified for the sphere of usefulness in which she was placed. From what I saw of her, she seemed a noble example for all missionaries; and I became very much attached to her. The Lord, however, has, in his infinite wisdom, seen fit to deprive the devoted husband

of a 'help meet,' the little babes of an affectionate mother, the missionary band of a dear friend, and the heathen world of an efficient laborer; and since he has done it, it behoves us to submit without a murmur. May we, who are left, learn a lesson from this afflicting event; and be careful to have our lamps trimmed and burning, so that when the bridegroom comes he may not find us unprepared.

Brother Deane wrote in great haste, and consequently did not give us the particulars of her death. I wish you would write, and tell me all about her. What she said, how she felt, and any thing connected with her death, will be thankfully received.

I write in great haste, and consequently cannot say much. I will mention two circumstances. In recent letters from America I learn the pleasing intelligence, that my dear sister Susan has professed religion, and that pa' has baptized her. I know you will rejoice with me. Surely there is cause for rejoicing. Susan writes me a beautiful letter, telling me all her feelings. The next circumstance that I will not pass over, is the death of darling Lucius. Ma' is greatly distressed, but I do not grieve. No, he is safely housed from every storm — the tender plant cannot now be withered.

Revivals of religion abound. My father has led down into the liquid grave about five hundred willing converts to the religion of Jesus.

Love to your dear husband. We are all well, but Mr. Shuck — his health is precarious.

Adieu, adieu, dear Frances —

Most affectionately yours,

H. S."

To her Sister Susan.

"June 5, 1838.

My very dear Sister,

Your long, interesting, and affectionate letter, containing the pleasing, long-wished-for and prayedfor intelligence of your conversion, reached us about a week ago, and without any immediate opportunity for sending letters to America, I joyfully seat myself for the purpose of replying to it — a privilege not a little esteemed by your dear sister. Rest assured, beloved Susan, that the contents of your letter imparted a joy not easily described, both to your brother and myself.

I had begun to be quite impatient to hear from you all. Mr. S.'s health not being very good, he took a trip to Hong Kong, not far from Macao, hoping to be benefited by it. During his absence I felt very lonely, and often wished for letters from home. After remaining one week, Mr. S. returned. The first words almost that he said were, 'I have received letters from home.' As they were in his trunk, which had not yet come, I asked, 'What is the news?' In answer to which question, he said, 'There are great revivals all over Virginia. Your pa' has baptized a great many, and among them *Susan*. Imagine my delight. *I* cannot describe it. I flew into his arms, and wept — wept for joy. That night I awoke about twelve o'clock, and could not sleep. I was thinking about you. I could, indeed, with the Psalmist, say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

And now, my dear sister, since you have taken the name of a *Christian*, will you not permit one who loves you with affection of the deepest kind, and who humbly trusts that she too knows, by

happy experience, what it is to have the love of God shed abroad in her heart, to give you a word of caution? Remember, dearest Susan, the name of a Christian, of itself, will not take us to heaven. By living holy lives, and by constant and fervent prayer, must we 'enter in at the strait gate.' Seek daily supplies of grace from the pure and living fountain. Be cautious in your remarks, and your conduct, at all times, especially when in company with unconverted persons. Read, and not only read, but *study* the word of God. Let the Bible be your constant companion, never suffering one day to pass without perusing a portion of it. Remember that, as yet, you are but a babe in Christ. You have much to learn. Endeavor, as you increase in years, to increase also in wisdom and grace. Prepare yourself for temptations, for, be assured, you will have them. Satan, with all the deceit imaginable, will clothe himself in lovely garments, in order to decoy you from the path of truth and righteousness; but be firm, be unmovable, and at all times ready to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' In the Bible you will find for your comfort many delightful promises. One I will name, which, in this land of darkness, I find precious. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' Charming words! Christ will enable you to overcome every temptation, if you will throw yourself helpless at his feet, and seek help alone from him. One thing, especially, let me remind you of — the case of the heathen. You must endeavor to cast in your mite towards the evangelization of the world.

I do not write to you, in this manner, dear sister, because I am perfect in these things. Ah,

no; I feel my weakness; but it is because I love you, and feel it to be my duty to remind you of them.

Remember me to all the dear children. Kiss them for me. Tell them to take warning from the death of darling Lucius, and be good children, as he was, and then they may hope to be reunited with him again. May the Lord in mercy keep and bless you, my sister, and when time with us shall end, may we all meet in heaven to rejoice together, is the constant and sincere prayer of your dear sister. H. S."

To Mrs. Davenport, Bankok.

"JUNE 30, 1838.

I deeply lament the intelligence from brother Deane, that Ah Loo has fallen. No death of which I have heard has made me grieve like it. What could have led him to do so vile an act, I cannot conceive. While he was with us, his character was lovely, and he proved himself an exemplary Christian. But if those in America, after professing to be converted, and, for years, preaching the gospel to others, fall, may we not expect to find such cases among the heathen? I suppose you have long ago heard of the wicked conduct of Mr. * * * *. He, who once appeared an amiable, lovely, and devoted Christian, has turned suddenly about, and has engaged in all manner of wickedness. He has been dismissed from the church and the ministry. In view of these things, may we not indeed say, 'Lord, have mercy upon us'? May he keep *us* from bringing a reproach on the cause which we have espoused."

To her Sister Isabella.

"Oct. 9, 1833.

Your brief, but exceedingly interesting epistle of April 1 reached me a few days ago, and I take the earliest opportunity to reply to it. My time is almost wholly taken up with my domestic concerns, studying Chinese, and doing all that I can, at present, towards teaching the ignorant but interesting people in whose midst I dwell. I very much fear, therefore, that I have rather slackened in my correspondence with my friends; but I beg they will all excuse me. I will write as frequently as my time will possibly admit. It will be needless for me here, my dear Bell, to repeat the assurance, which I have expressed in all my former letters, that to hear from my dear distant friends, especially my father's family, is a delightful privilege. Suffice it to say, that the affection which I cherish for you all, 'grows with my growth and strengthens with my strength.' Distance and time only serve to make me love you more. We shall, in all probability, no more see each other in the flesh; but let us leap over time, and look beyond this vale of tears, where, if we are the children of God, we shall meet — *meet to part no more*. What matters it, then, that we are now separated? Let us endeavor while we live to glorify God, and render ourselves useful to our fellow-beings, and our reward will be great.

You do not once allude to the subject of religion in your letter. In one of my dear sister Susan's recent letters, she caused me to hope that you too felt that you were a sinner, and desired to participate in the Christian's joys and

privileges; but from your silence I fear those desires have, in a measure, died away. O my sister, what can *I* say to you? Knowing, as I do, that you are in a land of Bibles, and that, from time to time, you are permitted to listen to the blessed gospel, preached by men of piety and talents, and that even in your own family there are some whose delight it would be to impart to you such instructions as would lead you in the path of peace and safety — I say, knowing these things, I can hardly hope, far away as I am, that what I say may be of any avail. Nevertheless, I *cannot*, I *must* not remain silent. I feel that when I lived with you, I did not, as often as I should have done, speak with you on the subject of your soul's salvation. I fear that my example, too, was often pernicious in the extreme — that, though I professed to be a child of light, I walked in darkness. But, my sister, for the past I grieve; yes, deeply repent that such was the case. However, forgetting the things that are behind, let me press onward, with renewed energy, to the mark for the prize of the high calling of God, which is in Christ Jesus. And now I ask, do you not feel anxious to follow the example of dear Susan? Do you not see that she is happier now than in former times? And have you no desire to participate with her in the joys which religion yields? If so, delay no longer. The all-devastating hand of time is fast hastening us to the tomb; and, O! what an awful thought, that should my precious Isabella be taken away in her sins, I meet her no more forever; and more than all, she will not only be separated from her dear friends, but will be denied

the presence of Jesus. Be persuaded to give up the pleasure of this world for nobler and more lasting joys beyond the skies.

> 'Beware of pleasure's siren song;
> Alas! it cannot soothe you long;
> It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
> Nor cheer the dark and silent grave.'

A thousand things press on my mind, which I would fain give expression to, if time and paper permitted; but I must conclude. Thank Heaven, we are all well. I enjoy better health than almost any one in Macao. What a blessing! The boys are hearty, and, as the cold winter approaches, their little cheeks begin to grow rosy. Lewis is nearly as large as Robert was when I left. He, as well as Ryland, is a sweet boy Love to all — to every one.

Yours, most devotedly."

To her Father.

"Nov. 16, 1838.

I have just heard that the American vessel Albion will leave this place in a day or two for New York. I hasten, therefore, to pen you a few lines, to inform you of our continued health and happiness in this remote corner of the earth. I am now alone, with my dear, dear little children, their fond papa being in Canton. He thought a little relaxation from study would benefit his health; and consequently took leave of us two weeks ago. I suppose he will be absent one month from the time he left. I had a letter from him this morning. He is very well, and has seen much of the country round about Canton.

We now enjoy the cool winter air. This is the commencement of our winter season. We expect to have it very cold, as the summer has been exceedingly sultry and oppressive. I really do not think, were I to search the world over, I could find a climate better suited to my constitution than that of this dear little spot. My health is very good — never was better. May I feel thankful to the Giver of this great blessing. I shall feel rather loath to leave Macao; but still, if it is the wish of the Board and the will of Heaven, I would most joyfully go without one murmur.

I feel happy to inform you, my dear pa', that I progress in the language of these vast multitudes, and sincerely desire to do something for their eternal welfare. I hope you daily remember us, and our work, at a 'mercy seat.' We do not tire, and O that we never may!

We received from brother Ryland, the other day, by the ship 'Omega,' a box containing many useful articles. How very kind he is to us! This is the second box sent by him. The contents were valued at thirty-seven dollars. Since he has been so truly kind, I am glad that we have called our youngest son after him."

To her Father.

"Dec. 30, 1838.

On this afternoon of the last holy Sabbath in the present year, I desire to spend an hour or so in writing to you; for it seems a long time since I last wrote. I am entirely alone, my dear husband having gone over the water to distribute to these idolatrous people the word of God. The

children have also gone out for a walk in the fresh air, as they are accustomed to do. Many, many items crowd upon my mind, which I wish to inform you of; but, in the first place, I must tell you how ill, *dangerously ill*, I have been within the past month. I think I wrote to you by the 'Albion,' which left in October. I then mentioned that Mr. Shuck was gone to Canton. My health was very good. However, in a week from that period, I began to lose my appetite, which I thought nothing of, though I also suffered very much with daily headaches. Very suddenly, one evening about 9 o'clock, I was seized with violent pains in my chest. Several persons happened to be present, as it was a meeting evening. As soon as the service ended, I went to my room, and called Mrs. Squire, one of the missionaries, to come to me. Fortunately she knew what to do for me. She ordered bottles of hot water to be placed wherever I felt any pain, and after sending for the Dr., rubbed me herself, and continued applying the hot water, till at last, after an hour or two of severe pain, I found some relief. Dr. Anderson could not be found for a long time, and had I been alone, I hardly think I could have survived. About 12 o'clock at night, the Dr. made his appearance, gave me medicine, directed me to keep something warm to my chest, and then bade me good night, saying, 'If you feel the *slightest* return of pain, immediately inform me.' I slept quietly the remainder of the night, and, though exceedingly weak in the morning, I felt myself very much better. As soon as it was light, Dr. A. was by my bedside, and from the first moment he saw me he seemed alarmed.

I did not feel ill, and wondered why he should look so. In the course of the day, Mrs. King, a dear friend, came to see me, and I saw something strange in her looks, also. She afterwards said, she expected to see me dead in another hour. Dr. A. was very kind, and truly attentive to me. His visits were as frequent as four times in the day. About 9 o'clock the following night, I again became worse and worse, till I was quite like a mad person. Dr. A. said I was perfectly delirious. He wrote up to my dear absent husband, and requested him to come home, who lost no time in doing so. He knew nothing of my illness, as only the day before I wrote a long letter to him. For many days, I was too ill to see any one but those who attended to me. Indeed, the Dr. would not even permit them to speak to me, so great was my fever. In mercy, however, the Lord saw it well to spare me, and, after a fortnight, I was again able to leave my bed.

Dearest pa', I am sure you will feel anxious to know how I felt in view of entering on the untried realities of eternity. To tell the truth, I did not think I was going to die, after the first night; then I supposed I had the cholera, and felt that I must soon bid a final adieu to earth, and I am happy to say that death appeared as a dear friend, come to release me from pain, and guide me to my heavenly home. I cannot say that I forgot my devoted Lewis, and darling babes. Ah, no! I felt, indeed, that they were ties tightly binding me to this lower world; but I was resigned to go. I felt that my Saviour would protect my dear children, and comfort my affectionate husband. I prayed, however, to live long enough to behold

once more the face of my absent companion. How good and how gracious has the Lord been to your dear, distant Henrietta! Though, in his infinite wisdom, he saw fit to afflict my body with suffering for a season, yet, in his loving kindness, he again restored me. Bless the Lord, O my soul! for he hath not dealt with me after my sins, nor rewarded me according to my transgressions. May the life which he has lengthened be devoted to his service.

Don't be uneasy, dear pa', about me now, for I am very well. I soon regained my strength, and I am even better than before my sickness.

I am beginning to think seriously about sending Master Lewis home to some good friend to take care of him, that he may receive a first rate education, and return to aid us in our work. Of course, I do not mean to do so for some years to come. He is now two years and a half old, and if he lives to be ten, I think we shall despatch him for some seminary in the United States. When you write, please give me your opinion relative to it. There are no advantages here for receiving instruction, but, on the contrary, every possible disadvantage. It would be very painful to give him up, and I would not do it, did I not know that it is for his own good. Both Mr. S. and myself feel anxious to hear *your opinion*, as it would assist us greatly in deciding the case. I beg you will express yourself freely. Do you think he had better remain with his parents in a heathen land, and receive such an education as they can give, or be sent from them, to be reared by others?

I have also a Chinese youth, of very respectable parents, who, I expect, will come to me in a

few days. He is an orphan, and is heir to about $75,000, in money and property, and seems a promising lad. We wish to send him to be educated in America, trusting in the Lord that he may, by Him, be made wise unto salvation, and return to preach the gospel of Christ to his deluded fellow-men. The father of this youth lived in Singapore at the time we were there. He placed his money in the hands of some gentlemen residing there, and embarked with his little son for China. We soon found out that he was in Macao, and he very often visited us, made us presents, and brought his boy to see us. He spoke English very well. Here he rented a house, and was making money, not content with what he already possessed. A few days ago, a band of robbers, knowing him to be in possession of money, broke into his house at night, and so alarmed the poor man, that he leaped from the window into the street, which wounded him so severely as to cause his death in eight or ten days. The body still remains in the house, and I went with Mr. S., the other day, to see his son, and were told by the man's friends, that they were hunting a lucky spot in which to place the body. As soon as the funeral ceremonies are over, the little boy is to come to me. I am fearful something may prevent it, which would much disappoint me. I took a great fancy to the dear little fellow, when I first saw him in Singapore. He is the handsomest Chinese child I know. His complexion is fair, his eyes bright black, and very expressive. I hope he may come to me, and I shall do my best for him. Of course he will be supported by his father's agents in Singapore.

We have now in our family one little boy, ten years old, supported by Bro. Hume, (of Portsmouth, Va.,) who is to stay with us till he is twenty-one years old. He improves fast. 'Jane Maria,' of whom I have previously told you, still goes on well. She reads and speaks English and Chinese. She receives from Mrs. Keeling five dollars, and from Mrs. Sinton five dollars, annually, towards her support; but I am sorry to say it is not sufficient. I hope to come on by degrees, and, by and by, I shall have a large school. I cannot better employ my time now than in studying Chinese, and teaching these children. Jane Maria A. Cue and Master Lewis Hall form a class, and are daily taught by myself in English, and by a Chinese teacher. Lewis gets on very well in English. He speaks Chinese perfectly, but does not like to read it. He knows most of his letters, but, strange to me, though he understands every word that is said to him in English, he will *not speak a word in English*, if he can avoid it. Chinese really seems to be his mother tongue."

The above letter touches on the sorest difficulty of the missionary enterprise — the proper training and education of the children of missionaries. Can this be done in heathen countries? Missionaries, so far as we are acquainted with their views, concur in the opinion that it cannot be. Be it remembered, too, that this opinion is formed, not only with the amplest opportunities of judging correctly, but in opposition to the dictates of natural affection. The reasons for the opinion are clear and convincing. The young must have

associates. If intelligent, refined, and pious society cannot be found, they will inevitably, and, from the depravity of their hearts, most readily, mingle with the ignorant, vicious, and degraded. Association produces assimilation. Unable to elevate the heathen, they will sink to the level of heathenism. Nor is the difficulty diminished in those places where Europeans and Americans in considerable numbers are settled. These foreigners are generally mere adventurers, unprincipled, vicious, eager in the pursuit of money, and unscrupulous as to the means of acquiring it. They are a reproach to the Christian name, raise a strong barrier to the progress of the gospel, and prove a curse to the heathen among whom they dwell. They not only send their own children to be educated, but design, when they shall have accumulated a sufficient amount of treasure, to return themselves to their native lands. It is clear that such a population cannot improve the prospect of the moral and religious cultivation of youth.

There is another serious objection to the rearing of children in the East. The climate is enervating. The descendants of Europeans or Americans brought up in the country have neither physical nor mental energy. An intelligent gentleman, who spent many years in Hindostan, informed us that he never knew a man of European descent, reared in the country, (and there were many such there,) of any worth. The debilitating influence of the climate is, doubtless, greater in Hindostan, Burmah, and Siam, than in China; but even in China, particularly that part of it which lies south of Canton, the evil is very serious.

We have glanced at one side of this subject: let us now examine the other. Parents are divinely constituted the instructors and guardians of their children. The business of training them properly is exceedingly arduous and trying. To secure its faithful performance, the beneficent Author of our being has implanted in the parental bosom an affection which no toil can weary, no difficulties discourage, and no waywardness extinguish. The parent may, indeed, sometimes find an adequate substitute for training his child. A child of sprightly intellect and amiable disposition may gain the warm affection of his adopted parent; but if he be dull, and sullen, and wayward, — if the rod of correction must be employed, and long-continued watchfulness, and authority, and effort, be necessary to subdue his perverse temper, — who, beside the parent, is sufficient for the task? God says to Christian fathers, "Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Can this most important obligation be properly, without positive necessity, transferred to others?

There is another view of this matter which demands our serious consideration. To part with children at the tender and interesting age at which it is proper to send them home to be educated, is a most painful and heart-crushing sacrifice. We have heard much, and much that is visionary, at least, exaggerated, of the privations and sufferings of missionary life. They are just such sacrifices as the men of the world are constantly making, without a murmur, in pursuit of wealth or honor. To what country has not Commerce extended her search for traffic in advance of mis-

sions? If the missionary leaves his home, his friends, and the enjoyments of refined society, and traverses oceans, so does the adventurer in quest of money, or trade. And where there is one missionary longing to impart to the perishing heathen the treasures of salvation, there are scores, or hundreds, who are equally eager to amass among the heathen the treasures of this world. In one aspect only does the sacrifice of the Christian missionary appear more painful than that of the worldly adventurer — the one expects, when he shall have amassed a certain amount of wealth, to return to his native land, and close his life in ease and splendor; the other designs to labor on amid the gloom and abominations of heathenism to the close of life. In point of fact, however, many of the worshippers of Mammon become satisfied in the dark lands of their adoption, and are willingly buried in a heathen soil.

But to send child after child, at the interesting age of ten years, to a distant Christian land to be educated, among strangers, with very little prospect that they will ever return to cheer the hearts of their fond parents, in the dark land of their adoption and labors, is, indeed, a sacrifice which no words can fully express, and no heart, which has not made it, can adequately conceive. It is a sacrifice, which, if it can be evaded, should never be offered. It may well be questioned whether God demands it of his servants.

But how is the difficulty to be obviated? Some have proposed that missionaries shall be appointed for a limited term. By this arrangement they would be withdrawn from their fields of labor when best qualified for usefulness, and would

return home unfitted for effective service. Others have thought that missionaries should enter on fields of service without wives. We confess we incline to this opinion. Unmarried missionaries would be less encumbered, and more easily supported. In carrying this plan into execution, there would, I apprehend, be one insuperable obstacle. Missionaries are not likely to concur in the opinion. The plan has been suggested of establishing a seminary of learning in some portion of the mission field for the instruction of the children of missionaries. To say nothing of the cost of such an arrangement, which does not perhaps deserve serious consideration, it leaves the pupils subject, in a great degree, to the contaminating influence of heathenism, and, in tropical regions, to the debilitating influence of the climate. But if they must be returned to the land of their parents, (and this seems likely, for a season, to be the adopted course,) and provision should not be made for their maintenance and education by relatives, or pious and beneficent individuals, it should be done by missionary boards. Justice, gratitude, and sound policy, imperatively demand that this burden should be promptly, generously, and cheerfully sustained by the churches. If missionaries faithfully devote their lives and powers to the promotion of a common cause, and part with their children to preserve them from the contaminations of heathenism, can we expect to please God, or secure his blessing, if these children, so impressively committed to our charge, are not duly cared for and instructed?

CHAPTER VII.

1839 — Erroneous Views of Missionary Life corrected — Mrs. Shuck's Correspondence continued — Incident in the Life of her Oldest Child — A Caution for him — Mrs. Shuck's School — Cost of supporting it — Reference to the Death of Lucius — Openings for Usefulness in Macao — Visiting a Village — Mr. Shuck commences preaching in Chinese — Visit of Mr. S. and Family to Hong Kong — Probability of Mr. Shuck's Return to America — Anticipations since realized — Her Illness — Death of a Young Lady converted through her Instrumentality.

The missionary life has been too frequently invested with the drapery of romance. To many it has appeared as a succession of adventures, exploits, and wonders. This is a gross mistake. It is conceded, that a voyage to a distant land, and a residence among a people of strange speech and strange manners, furnish many scenes to interest the mind and gratify the taste; and that the missionary may be called to pass through appalling dangers, and events of thrilling importance. But the missionary life is, in general, one of unostentatious toil, and of unending anxiety. The ignorant must be instructed with unwearied assiduity; and sin, in a thousand forms, must be incessantly reproved and resisted, almost without the prospect of suppressing it. The qualities most needed in this service are, not those which constitute the Christian hero, but the Christian

laborer. In the mission field all the visions of romance vanish before the sober realities of common every-day efforts, and difficulties, and hopes. Let us now enter with Mrs. Shuck on another year of her exemplary and devoted pilgrimage. She still writes from Macao.

To Mrs. Keeling.

"JAN. 9, 1839.

Your long, and to us very deeply interesting epistle, bearing date Oct. 28, 1837, the very day I was twenty years old, and the day before the birth of our sweet little Ryland Keeling, reached me safely some time ago; but I have postponed replying to it till now, as I had just sent you a double letter, and knew of no opportunity of sending to America at the time of its reception. Even now I am not aware of the departure of any ship for the United States, but the pleasure of writing to you is too great to be denied any longer. Every line in your letters, and also in those of dear brother K., is perused with peculiar delight, by my dear Lewis and myself. Therefore, dear friends, do gratify us as frequently as your time will permit. The affectionate and motherly manner in which you speak of our dear boy, endears you still more to my heart. Lewis Hall is very interesting, and is an uncommonly intelligent child. It is not the blinded love of mother which prompts me to say so, but every one who sees him expresses a similar opinion. He was two years old on the third of last August, and strange it seems, that on the morning of his birthday, he came running into the room where we were about to read for family worship,

and said in Chinese, 'Mamma, I wish to worship Jesus this morning.' It quite astonished me, for previous to this, I had once or twice attempted to have him remain with us at prayer, but he appeared restless and uneasy, and I thought it was better to wait till he was of an age to understand why I wished him to attend worship. On his birthday, however, he quietly seated himself, and behaved very well till worship was over, and then, rising from his knees, he said in Chinese, as usual, 'Now Lewis has worshipped Jesus.' From that morning he has continued to do it of his own accord, except on two or three mornings, when he did not seem very well. This circumstance appears very singular, and delights me much. Many other such interesting little incidents we have observed in him. He is very kind-hearted; generally takes his meals with us, and if I give him any thing a little nice, like fruit or cakes, he immediately asks for some for Jane also. The other day, his dear papa gave him a custard apple, a fruit of which he is very fond, and he broke it into three parts, and said, 'One piece is for Jane, one for little brother, and one for Lewis.' I like to encourage this principle in him. I would go on and name many similar items, but I am his *mother*, and I forbear. I have already, perhaps, said too much."

Mrs. Shuck was a most fond and devoted mother. And what mother is not? The above letter, written to an intimate and endeared friend, who could fully sympathize in her maternal emotions, exhibits the intense interest and delight with which she contemplated in her cherished

offspring the opening buds of promise. She writes with a mother's hand, and a mother's heart. Should the eye of Lewis fall, as probably it will, on these effusions of a mother's fondness, let him consider that many a fair bud has been blighted — many a lovely and hopeful child has become "the heaviness of his mother." Should he remember the excellent lessons which his dear mother gave him, and diligently follow her excellent example, he will realize the bright anticipations which she fondly cherished on his behalf. A diligent application to study, a faithful performance of duty, and the grace of God, which his pious mother so fervently sought on his behalf, will make him wise, good, and useful — a worthy son of his now sainted parent.

To her Step-Mother.

"FEB. 28, 1839.

When I last wrote you, I had only two little Chinese children under my care; now I have nine boys and girls in the house, and expect six more to come this afternoon. These children require to be looked after very closely. I should much prefer taking *girls* exclusively; but so great is the opposition of Chinese parents to have their female children educated, that I find I must take boys in order to get girls. When I first mentioned to the Chinese here that I intended to open a school, they brought boys in numbers to me, but not one girl. At last, I refused to take any more, unless for every boy they would bring a girl. So that now, in order to have attention bestowed on their sons, they permit the poor neglected daughters to accompany them. I expect three girls,

and the same number of boys, in an hour or two, and I shall then have five girls all together. I had a girl of eleven years given to me the other day She is interesting, and appears as happy as possible. I feel greatly encouraged to proceed in my feeble efforts to educate these poor, degraded youths, as, in looking over the Heralds, I perceive that the dear friends in America are contributing to my school. May the great Master reward them, and may they never forget the wants of these perishing idolaters.

I sometimes feel sad, when I have to write home and beg for money, fearing that *some* may think we do not appropriate it to a good cause. But let me here remark, that without money we can do nothing for the heathen. For instance, if we teach school, every child received must be fed and clothed by us, or he will not come to us. Each one of my girls and boys costs me, for food alone, one dollar per month. Their clothing (will cost per annum) I think about two dollars more, (for each pupil.) So, for twenty children, one year, we should require two hundred and eighty dollars. I think my brethren and sisters in Lancaster might support ten children, at least. I received, the other day, from a merchant, who has been residing in Canton, fifty dollars for my school. He went home very wealthy indeed. If a man, in whose heart there exists no love to the Saviour, can be so liberal, should not the disciples of Jesus also open their hearts, and give to the needy?

You speak feelingly of your dear departed *Lucius*. I sincerely sympathize with you in this sad bereavement. But, dear ma', do not grieve

too deeply. God was kind, undoubtedly, in taking him away, and we must not murmur nor repine.

> 'Good when he gives, supremely good;
> Nor less when he denies;
> E'en crosses, from his sovereign hands,
> Are blessings in disguise.'

I have often read and admired these lovely lines. May we ever appreciate the sentiment therein contained. I wish to feel towards my fond ones that they are only lent blessings, and that God has a right to take them from me at any moment. Should he see fit to prolong their lives, I trust, and daily pray, that they may be ornaments in the cause of Christ."

To her Father.

"March 12, 1839

I have not written to you all so frequently of late, as perhaps I should have done; but I know you will look over my seeming remissness, when I assure you that I have so many responsible duties devolving on me, that I have very little time to devote to letter-writing. Engaged, as I now am, in the tuition of heathen children, I more than ever feel the need of the prayers of my dear, dear Christian friends in Virginia. I know I am not forgotten by my fond pa' in his secret and earnest intercessions at a 'throne of grace.' I cannot do any thing without help from on high, and I beg you to implore it on my behalf. I feel that I am now more particularly engaged in direct missionary work than I have been at any former time, and I daily see my impotency. The little boys and girls, now under my care, are all

the children of poor people, with one exception, and are bound to me until they shall be twenty-one years of age. Should the providence of God, however, lead us from this to another field, the parents will not allow us to take them away; but I am to place them under the care of some one in Macao, which I could easily do, as there are other schools here. The Rev. Mr. Brown and wife (Presbyterians) have lately arrived here from America. They are to be supported by the 'Morrison Education Society,' and will soon commence a school. I like them, so far, very much: they seem to be good, warm-hearted Christians. At present, they reside with Mr. Williams, (also a Presbyterian,) where they will remain for some two or three months, until they get a little insight into the language, and then they design taking a house, and commencing a school.

O that there were many more devoted people of God in this land of idolatry and death, to teach the Chinese the way to happiness and heaven! How delighted should I be to welcome to the mission field some of our dear brethren and sisters of Lancaster! And are there none willing to come? none who feel it their duty, and their high privilege, to forsake the land of their nativity, that they may carry to the perishing Chinese the bread of life? Do they feel willing to come, and believe that there are difficulties in the way? If so, let them look at the matter in the light of eternity, and having the fear of the Lord before their eyes. Let them carry the subject to Jehovah, and where no eye but his can see, and no ear but his hear, ask if, indeed, these difficulties

are insuperable. Do they feel themselves unqualified for so great, so important an undertaking? So, I presume, every one who engages in the work feels; and this is just the feeling we should possess. *Unqualified*, indeed, we are; but to whom shall we go for a better preparation, but to our blessed Master above, who willingly imparts instruction — *instruction*, too, of the right kind — to all who ask of him? The work and responsibilities of a missionary are truly great, but have we not a great God to depend upon? Leaning on our own understandings, we most assuredly must fail.

Much can be done in Macao. Parents will now willingly send their sons, and sometimes their daughters, to be instructed. Gentlemen can at any time visit the Chinese in their own little filthy huts, and commend to them the gospel of Christ. Female missionaries are always welcomed, with much politeness, to the rooms of the neglected and degraded women of China. We can distribute books, and talk to the people about religion, whenever we wish; and what more need we now desire than men and women, whose hearts are glowing with love to the Saviour, and to the souls of their fellow-men, to assist us in this glorious, this delightful work?

There is a village near to us, which contains about ten houses, and about sixty souls. I visit it, regularly, two or three times a week. Mrs. King accompanies me. She speaks Chinese tolerably, and we generally talk to the females about their children, and ask them all manner of questions about their domestic concerns, &c., hoping that, by and by, we shall gain their

confidence and affection, and then be able to call their attention to better things. It has been only a short time since we adopted this plan; as yet, we have not spoken to them on the subject of religion. Should we visit a family for the first time, and immediately commence speaking to them on the subject of religion, and tell them that it is very sinful to worship idols, we should meet with a cold reception; but by visiting them a few times, making their children a present occasionally, and conversing with them in a friendly manner, we may gain their esteem, and they will believe what we say to them of the true God more readily than they would have done at first. I was much delighted at our last evening's visit. The women were truly polite and kind to us, asked us a great many questions, gave us tea to drink, and cigars to smoke, (as is their custom,) and when we were about to leave, one woman said, as it was nearly dark, she would walk home with us, and did so. I think it likely I shall be able to induce some of them to let their *daughters* come to my school. There are many good things to be gained by thus visiting these poor females. We see them at home, and can penetrate more deeply into their characters. We also learn to speak their language as they do.

Mr. Shuck preaches in Chinese every Sabbath. At present his congregation is very small, consisting of not more than fifteen persons; but doubtless it will enlarge after a while. His text last Sunday was John xiv. 6. He feels greatly encouraged in his efforts to make known to this idolatrous race the blessed truths of the gospel. Remember us, my dear pa', whenever you pray

—remember, too, the perishing Chinese. I hope you continue to hold the monthly concert at Kilmarnock. Is it well attended? Do the friends in Lancaster manifest much interest in the cause of missions?"

To her Sister Susan.

"AUGUST 4, 1839.

I wrote a hasty letter to my dear pa' a few weeks ago, in which I said something about our anticipated trip to Hong Kong. We all (your dear brother, Lewis, Ryland, and myself) embarked on board the Scaleby Castle, a ship of fourteen hundred tons, and had a most delightful passage up. We remained at Hong Kong about one week, were greatly benefited by a change of air, and returned to our happy home and pleasant labors. Hong Kong is, indeed, a most romantic spot, and said to be the finest harbor in the world. There were forty-five square-rigged vessels anchored in different directions, during the time we were there, which presented a lovely aspect. The lofty and green covered hills surrounded us on all sides. I could willingly have remained a month, but duties, too important to be neglected, called us home."

To her Father.

"AUGUST 20, 1839.

My dear pa', you allude to our 'parting scene' in your letter. O! how frequently do I meditate on that day, that hour, that *last* hour, which I spent with you, my fond father! Time serves only to increase my love to my friends. I love you all better, if possible, than when I enjoyed

your society. What would I not give just to be in your midst for one hour, to see those faces, and hear those voices, which are still dear to me! You say, if it were right, you should 'rejoice to hear that we were on our way back; but it is not right.' No, my dear pa', we have willingly given up the pleasure of our home and kindred, that we may add our mite towards the evangelization of China; then let us not faint or tire. It is not impossible, indeed I sometimes think it quite probable, that we shall once more meet even in this world. Should our lives be spared, and those of our children, we may send or *take* them to America in 1844; but what, and how many changes will have taken place in the mean time! You may be no more, or *I* may lie in my peaceful grave. I rejoice to commit my all to the care of my Saviour. He will direct our path, if we commit our ways to him. But perhaps you would better say nothing of this matter out of our family. We should not do it without the consent of the *Board*.

At this time there are great difficulties with the English residents here, in consequence of the murder of a Chinese at Hong Kong. The commissioner, Lin, has deprived them of their servants, and has forbid any Chinese to sell provisions, or any thing else, to the English. The Americans, and other foreigners, are not to be molested. However, our servants are all alarmed; and if they leave us, I shall not be disappointed. I think by dividing we can perform our domestic labors for a little while. How these difficulties do rejoice my heart! because I think the English government may be enraged, and God, in his

power, may break down the barriers which prevent the gospel of Christ from entering China."

The above letter seems to be almost prophetic Stating the changes which might prevent her visit to America in the year 1844, she says, "*I* may lie in my peaceful grave." The word "*I*" was underscored by her own hand. In that year, as the sequel will show, to her joy and the grief of her friends, she found a home in her "peaceful grave." The difficulties between the English and Chinese, which had then begun to show themselves, resulted, by the power and blessing of the God of missions, according to her joyful anticipation, in breaking "down the barriers which prevented the gospel of Christ from entering China."

To her Father.

"Nov. 3, 1839.

The Talbot is hourly expected to depart for the United States, and I cannot bear to have her go without taking a line from me to you. When I first heard that she would sail in a few weeks, I resolved to write a great many letters; but we plan, and God thwarts. For some days I have been too much indisposed to write, or to do any thing but loll listlessly about. Even now I am quite ill. My physician pronounces my case to be *liver complaint*, which, you know, is a distressing and even dangerous disease; but this morning, as he (Dr. Anderson) left me, he said, 'You look a little better, and I shall, I trust, be able to restore you.' My diet is to consist of nothing but toast and tea, and a little fowl broth, for a

long time to come. Dear father, don't be distressed. I am in good earthly hands, and above all, I am in my heavenly Father's care. It may be his design to give me some suffering, and then take me home. If so, I am willing to go. I am happy in the thought of being with Christ. Pray that I may have strength from on high to support me in every scene through which I am to pass. Death has been very familiar to me lately. Miss Orton, a young lady who came to reside with me some time ago, has just departed this life. She was, I trust, through my instrumentality, converted on her dying bed. Glory to God, that I have, as I trust, done some good! The praise be entirely to Him. I will write soon again, and tell you how I get on. Perhaps I may have to go to sea. If so, we shall go to Singapore or Manilla, just for a change of air. I beg you will not give yourself any uneasiness for me. You know the liver disease can be cured, if God designs it. Mr. S. and the boys are quite well. The winter is now at hand, and we shall all doubtless improve by it. My best love to ma', and the girls and boys. I would write more, but in justice to myself, my family, and the heathen, I conclude. Writing only aggravates the disease. Excuse all mistakes,

And believe me ever your devoted daughter,

HENRIETTA H. SHUCK."

CHAPTER VIII.

1840 — Mrs. Shuck's Health bad — Her Correspondence continued — Dr. Diver's Letter concerning her Sickness — War anticipated — Letter from Mrs. S. to her Sister Susan — Resignation — Dr. Diver's second Letter — Mrs. Shuck's improving Health — Her Piety — Cost of Living — She loves the Concert of Prayer for Missions — Letter to Isabella — Fervent Exhortation — Resolutions — Arrival of the British Fleet — Isabella's Conversion — Susan's Marriage — Her Grandpapa's Death — Good Advice to Isabella — Pleasing Anticipations.

The beginning of the year 1840 found Mrs. Shuck in very delicate health. Her life had been almost despaired of; but the great Physician, in kindness to the mission and the heathen, had rebuked the violence of her disease. Her health was gradually improving. The affliction seems to have been, in a remarkable degree, sanctified to her spiritual prosperity. Her letters of this period breathe a spirit of confidence in God, resignation to his will, and devotion to the work of missions. Far from her native land, and the fond friends of her youth, in a country of heathenism, among comparative strangers, in poor health, with the prospect of early separation from her devoted husband and dear children, she is calm, cheerful, full of hope, waiting, without alarm, the issue of her disease. It is an instructive example. How keenly, and yet how pathetically, does it reprove the discontent and murmuring of those who are

encompassed by kindred and friends, and all the privileges of a Christian country! But we may best learn the state of Mrs. Shuck's mind from her epistolary correspondence.

To her Father.

"Feb. 8, 1840.

My very dear Father,

At the same time this reaches you, you will most likely receive a communication from our young friend, Dr. Diver, respecting the state of my health, and the probability that we shall be compelled to visit our native land. While it would delight me to see once more my father and friends, yet it is a source of great grief, both to my dear husband and myself, that we may possibly be obliged to quit our field of labor, even for two years. The thought is any thing but pleasant. Since I wrote last to the family, I have had another attack, which, however, was less serious than the former ones, and I trust, as I am again convalescent, that by extreme caution on my part, I may drag on till 1844. It is our intention, the Lord willing, if I get worse as summer approaches, to take a trip to sea for a week or fortnight. Manilla is only a few days' sail from this, and the voyage might be of great benefit to me. The letter written by Dr. Diver is strictly true. He takes a great interest in all that concerns us. Since he has been in Macao, he has attended me professionally, and I can truly say that for kindness and tenderness at a sick bed I have never seen one that surpassed him. To the skill of a physician he unites the affection of a brother.

Dr. A., who still visits me is as kind as ever.

He is suffering with the liver complaint; is very feeble, and, I fear, cannot long endure this climate. The other day, when he called, I said to him, 'You are looking ill, Dr. A. I think *you* will have to go home.' When he immediately said, 'Ah, Mrs. Shuck, I cannot go home: I have not made money enough yet; I shall stay and die here.' The thought then struck me — Here is a man with the same disease that I am afflicted with, begging me to go home, and telling me I cannot live here; and yet he can stay. His object is to make money, and mine, I trust, to win souls to Christ. Whose stay, then, is most important? I have fully determined, dearest father, to remain in China as long as I possibly can. If I do visit the United States, it shall be my *last* resort. Meanwhile I hope to hear from you and the Board on the subject, and if you both advise a visit home, then I shall feel more happy in taking it.

Things in China are wearing the same aspect as when we last wrote. I think it is altogether reasonable to expect war.

My dear pa', I would not have you entertain any hope of ever seeing me again. I feel that I may be called away at any hour; and, I trust, I am willing to go. My ties here are great; but, blessed be God, I can leave all to *Him*. He will never leave nor forsake me."

The following extract is from the letter of Dr. Diver to Rev. A. Hall, referred to in Mrs. Shuck's letter. The Dr. was an American missionary in Macao, under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Extract of a Letter from Dr. Diver to Rev. A. Hall.

"FEBRUARY, 1840.

Dear Sir,

As we are brethren in the Lord Jesus, interested in the advancement and glory of the same kingdom, allow me, though a stranger, to address you from these distant shores. After a passage of 140 days from New York, during which I experienced the bountiful goodness of God, I arrived at Macao on the 27th of September last; and soon had the pleasure of being acquainted with your son and daughter, missionaries under the patronage of the Baptist Board, assiduously engaged in the study of the Chinese language, and in doing good, as their hands found it to do. Before I could well survey my new quarters, I began to experience from Mr. and Mrs. Shuck evidences of their Christian regard and affection. But soon I was called upon to make a return in a manner which I could by no means prefer. I was called to see Mrs. Shuck, whom I found in a state of delirium, occasioned by an excessive flow of blood to the brain, which, I afterwards learned, was brought on by too great exertion during the heat of the day."

The Dr. gives a minute description of her symptoms, the various remedies employed for her relief, the progress of the disease, and the alternations of hope and fear, which we need not record. He then proceeds: —

"I have thus given you, dear sir, a full, and, I trust, a faithful account of Mrs. Shuck's illness, which I think I am bound to do. This is not the first attack; she has had several of a like dangerous character since she came to the East. I

cannot but think that another such attack would in all probability, terminate her earthly existence; her constitution, naturally weak, is being broken and undermined by their frequency and severity, which, humanly speaking, cannot be averted here. I am strongly inclined to believe that nothing but a visit to the United States will invigorate Henrietta's constitution, or restore her to a comparative state of health. This conviction has arisen from a careful study of the predisposing and exciting causes, and I assure you, dear sir, the expression of it to you, and to the Baptist Board, is elicited by a deep and sincere wish for the welfare of your affectionate daughter.

Allow me here to say, that in Mrs. Shuck the Baptist Board of Missions have a devoted missionary, and the gospel of Jesus Christ an ardent and faithful advocate among the Chinese. In conclusion, I would express my decided conviction that hostilities between China and Britain are inevitable, and cannot be far in the future.

I am most truly yours in gospel bonds,

WM. B. DIVER."

To her Sister Susan.

"APRIL 26, 1840.

Dear Susan, I trust that my life has been prolonged that I may devote it the more unreservedly to the cause of Christ. I have been on the borders of the grave; but, blessed be the Lord, I have ever felt a peace of mind which indeed passed all understanding. The thought of leaving my beloved Lewis without a wife, and my darling children without a mother, in this unfriendly world, was, indeed, painful; but, on

the other hand, the thought of being with my Saviour, where I should be perfectly freed from sin, outweighed every wish to remain longer in this tenement of clay. One evening, I remember well, I was quite free from pain, but so exhausted that it was difficult for me to speak. My fond husband, who, when I am ill, is ever near me, and dear, kind Dr. Diver, were standing beside me, as I thought, expecting to see me soon depart. Their countenances seemed to say, '*Farewell.*' I felt that I was almost gone. Yes, it appeared that my spirit was about entering the paradise of God; when suddenly I revived, my strength increased, and, O, how disappointed I was to return again to this sinful state! But knowing that I ought not to indulge such feelings, I endeavored to check them. It is a privilege to lie on a bed of pain, to enjoy such rapture; and

> 'If such the sweetness of the streams,
> What will the fountain be?'

I believe that the feeling of *perfect submission* to the will of our heavenly Father is the most becoming that the human heart can indulge. I desire, therefore, to have my will and inclinations perfectly swallowed up in his. 'Tis sweet to know that all he does is best for our own good, and for his glory. I think I can bless the Lord more for the affliction of body, which, in his infinite wisdom, he has been pleased to send upon me, than for any thing else that I have received at his hand. It has been blessed to my eternal good; it has led me to lean on him, not on myself; it has caused me to repose in him, as a tender Father, who afflicts not willingly"

The subjoined letter from Dr. Diver to Rev. A. Hall, communicated the pleasing intelligence of his daughter's improved health and increasing piety. We give the letter entire.

"MACAO, APRIL 28, 1840.

My dear Sir,

Again I take the liberty of addressing you. Were it not for the belief that the subject lies near your heart, I would withhold my pen; but convinced that the tidings of your daughter's health and welfare must, at all times, be most welcome to you, I am encouraged to pen these lines.

When the letter was written you, which is now, perhaps, on its way to America, we were suffering under the most fearful forebodings of Mrs. Shuck's future health, and I little expected to be able to say what I now write you. It may in truth be said, *now*,

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

Henrietta appears now to enjoy better health than she has at any previous time since her arrival in the East. Though she has been subjected, within a month or six weeks past, to occasional attacks of illness, they have not been of the serious description which excited in our breasts those fearful apprehensions, and that painful solicitude, which were once awakened. Yes, my dear sir, I am happy to inform you, that your daughter appears wholly free from organic disease, and complains of nothing. The hope has sometimes been kindled in my breast, that she would, at some far distant period, when restored, in the providence

of God, to her home, be partially relieved of the complaint which was wasting her vital energies; but my highest anticipations have been more than realized. By the blessing of God upon the means employed, the power of her disease has been subdued. The use of mercury twice to slight salivation, the introduction of a seton in the side, and constant, untiring attention to every symptom, have been effectual in bringing about this salutary change. The organ chiefly affected — the liver — is now, I believe, wholly free from inflammation, or derangement of any kind, functional or organic; and the absence of headache, derangement of the stomach and bowels, coldness of the hands and feet, fever and thirst, encourage us to believe that her constitution will be strengthened, and the powers of her system invigorated. We are led to hope that our dear sister will live to be useful among the dying heathen; that she will yet spend many years in the cause to which she has most unreservedly devoted her 'soul, her life, her all.'

I know it would afford the heart of an affectionate father sincere pleasure to hear of his daughter's perfect restoration to health; but such a hope I would not encourage you to entertain. Let us, however, rejoice before the Lord most merciful, and give thanks, that in answer to humble, fervent, believing prayer, such a measure of health and strength has been restored to the afflicted one, as enables her to perform, with pleasure to herself and those around her, the various duties, social and domestic, which devolve upon her.

Above all things, it affords me inexpressible

joy to be able to say that the afflictive dispensations of God's hand have been abundantly blessed and sanctified to her soul. Oft, when sitting by her bedside, have I listened with pleasure to the expressions of trust and confidence in her Redeemer, which fell from her lips; or, when the last ray of hope for this life was almost extinguished, witnessed in her eye the rapturous anticipation of a glorious immortality. When bending over her emaciated form, I caught the faint whisper — 'Jesus, precious Saviour, when shall I be with thee!' O! I have felt as if heaven itself was open; a solemn awe has filled my soul; and I thought it a privilege to be there; it seemed like hallowed ground.

The most prominent grace manifested in Henrietta's late illness was *patience*. When the body was racked with long-continued, agonizing pains, apparently baffling our efforts to procure relief, we have rejoiced and been encouraged by hearing her say, at intervals,

> 'Sweet to lie passive in his arms,
> And know no will but his.'

O, what a school of moral instruction is the sick-chamber! There! there! may be seen an exemplification of the power of religion. There, where the disciple of Jesus languishes, may the inquirer find a solution to his doubts, and see a fulfilment of the promises — 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

To her Father.

"April, 1840.

As to political affairs in China, they are about as when we last wrote. We are in daily expectation of the arrival of the fleet, and we trust that a better state of things will soon exist here. War will, in my opinion, certainly ensue; but we know that God can overrule all things for his glory, and cause even the wrath of man to praise him. I fear there will be much suffering felt among the poorer classes of Chinese. We anticipate an enormous price on provisions, and we may in consequence have to leave for Manilla, or some adjacent spot, for a time, as our salary is scarcely sufficient to support us now. Indeed, it would not be sufficient, but I have two or three spare rooms, and accommodate a friend, now and then, who pays for his room and food. Mr. Roberts lives with us, and as we mess together, we get on more cheaply. I am quite a good *economist*."

To her Sister Susan.

"May 4, 1840.

Have just returned from the monthly concert held at Mr. Brown's. If I enjoy any meetings more than others, they are the monthly concerts. Then we meet particularly to pour out our petitions in behalf of the object to which our lives are dedicated; and we know that all over the world, where a band of Christ's disciples can meet, they are found assembled within the same twenty-four hours, for the purpose of seeking the same blessing. Prayer then, like a volume of holy incense, arises to Jehovah's throne. I do so

love to feel that others are praying for me; my father, mother, sister, all my Christian friends. It is indeed a privilege to be thus remembered by pious hearts."

To her Sister Isabella.

"APRIL 28, 1840.

Dearest Bell, as long as you continue away from the fold of Christ, I shall feel like writing nothing to you but urgent requests to seek refuge in that fold. It is my chief distress to know that you are not at peace with God. I pray for you every day: often the last wakeful breath at night is wafted in prayer for my dear Isabella; and the first thought in the morning is still concerning the interests of her never-dying spirit. Midnight and midday, yea, all hours witness my tender and anxious solicitude for you. Why is it, my Isabella, that you still refuse to yield the affections of your heart, and the service of your life, to the Redeemer of mankind? Indeed, it seems to me that I have in former letters said all that I could to induce you to seek the Saviour. Religion has attractions, dear sister, though it may not appear to you to have. It will afford you more solid peace of mind than you can now conceive. Those gay amusements which so delight you now, can only continue a short time longer — yes, they must pass away with this fleeting world; but the religion of Jesus will ever cause the heart to expand with holy delight. Though overwhelmed with the ills of earth, it can impart a peace of mind, a joy, which nothing else can afford; and the soul, tired of all below, finds infinite happiness in contemplating the

period when it shall awake in the image of Jesus, and bask in his smiles. Dearest Bell, be persuaded to listen, *at once — now*, to the calls of God's providence to you, which have been many. Dear little Lucius was taken from the embraces of devoted parents, and from the affection of endeared sisters and brothers for wise purposes. His death, we trust, has been sanctified to our dear Susan; and will you, *can* you, my sister, let it pass by without drawing your heart to the Saviour, with whom his precious spirit now dwells? You are surrounded by pious friends, who feel much for your salvation — let their example influence you — let their tears, their warnings, be no longer disregarded. Loved Isabella, the tears start in my eyes, and almost blind me, so full is my heart. Listen to the voice of your dear distant sister, who loves you too fondly; listen to your own conscience; listen to the exhortations of God's devoted servants; and be entreated to seek the forgiveness of your sins. *Delay is dangerous.* How anxious was our tender mother's heart for the eternal welfare of her dear children! How frequent and earnest were her prayers! She is gone! Her prayers are no longer offered for us. Her sainted spirit is with its loved Redeemer. What are your feelings when you think of an eternal separation from that devoted mother, from her who now occupies her place, from our beloved father, from your sister Susan, who is now the companion of your joys and sorrows, from your *unworthy*, but anxious sister Henrietta, and her husband, from all your pious friends, and especially from the blessed Saviour himself? O Isabella, if these things do not move you, what can? I

cannot give you up; I cannot bear the thought of a disunion from you in eternity. No, to part *here* is painful; but can it be compared to a separation in a world which has no end? I think you will shed some tears over this sheet; but do not let it soon be laid by and forgotten. Will you write me a long letter in return, and tell me all your feelings on the subject? I know exactly what you will say after perusing this: 'O! sister Henrietta always writes me such mournful letters!' They are not mournful, but on the most pleasant of subjects; and I must continue them till I hear better things of you. I know your cheerful disposition loathes the idea of being serious and gloomy; but believe me, there is nothing in religion to make us unhappy.

'O! why should the heart of a *Christian* be sad,
Or his eye ever dim with a tear,'

except on account of his sins? But my sheet bids me stop. How many sheets would I fill, if it would be of any avail! I leave the subject with you. My feeble prayers shall continue to be wafted on high for you.

Love to all, and from all. With every kind wish that prompts the heart of a dear sister,

Believe me yours, in much solicitude,

HENRIETTA."

The following resolutions, with the remarks subjoined, were found among Mrs. Shuck's papers after her decease. They are entitled to a place in this Memoir.

"MAY, 1840.

1st. I will endeavor always to observe strictly the golden rule, 'To do unto others as I would have them do to me.'

2d. I will speak no ill of *any one*. If I can say no good concerning persons, I will remain silent.

3d. I will mind my own business, and not interfere with the concerns of others.

4th. I will pay particular attention to the rules laid down by my medical adviser, with regard to diet and exercise.

5th. My children are given me to train for heaven. They shall have my vigilant attention.

6th. The duty of a wife is to love and obey. My husband shall find me ever endeavoring to practise these duties, and shall receive from me at all times a hearty acquiescence in his wishes.

7th. My duty to the heathen around me, and especially to the girls under my care, shall be strictly observed.

8th. I will try to exercise *patience* and *self-denial*.

9th. I will watch over my temper, and endeavor to be amiable.

10th. I will love my missionary friends, and be merciful and kind to all, especially to the sick and distressed.

11th. I will cherish a forgiving spirit, and will return good for evil.

12th. I will ever bear in mind that I am too much inclined to be *merry;* and I will try to abide by the advice of my sainted mother, — 'Be cheerful and not frivolous, and serious without being sad.'

These rules I will pray over twice, at least, every day. I look to the Lord to strengthen me in keeping them. Whenever I find I have deviated from any one of them, I will note it down, and thereby acquire the habit of marking my *own faults*."

On the same sheet is written, at a later period, of which there is no date, the ensuing confessions.

"How repeatedly do I find myself deviating from the above rules, and especially the 12th! How weak is human nature! How impossible to pursue the right path depending on our own strength! How very often do my sinful inclinations lead me away from the path of perfect rectitude! How lamentably far from God do I walk! O for more holiness, for more faith, for more of the spirit of Christ! I do most sincerely desire to be a holy, active Christian, but, alas! I find that I am far from being such a one."

To her Sister Isabella.

"May 5, 1840.

I wish *now* to urge on you the importance of cultivating your intellect. I do hope that you will pay strict attention to your education, and not consider it completed when you quit school. I have learned more the past two years than I ever did at any school. I make it a rule to read every good book that comes in my way. I am reading one called 'Hints on Education,' and I meet with many valuable thoughts on the education of my dear children. Mr. Morrison has also kindly lent me 'The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education, by Andrew Combe,' which I intend to peruse, or rather study, (for such books should be studied,) so soon as I get through the former. It is exceedingly improving to the young mind to read much, and digest well. You will never regret having

done so, when you come out into society, particularly if you should be a *missionary's wife.* Then, while unencumbered with the cares of life, lay up a good stock of useful knowledge. Let every passing hour find you 'gathering honey from every flower.' *Write*, and *write*, and *re-write*, till you RIGHT your ideas."

To her Father.

"JULY 10, 1840.

The English fleet arrived a fortnight ago, and proceeded to Chusan for the purpose, it is supposed, of taking the island. We hope these warlike times will all be overruled by the great Disposer of events, and that a firmer footing will be gained in the *'Celestial'* land by the heralds of the cross. Every thing remains quiet in Macao, and we do not fear it will be otherwise, as the English government does not seem disposed to have any thing to do with Macao. It is our intention to go directly to the first place taken by the English, (the Lord willing,) and there to teach the Chinese, and, as we trust, unmolestedly."

To her Sister Isabella.

"DEC. 3, 1840.

Your last kind letter, my dear sister, found me in rather a weak state, and the contents of it, together with those of others, almost overcame me. The joy of your conversion, the surprise of Susan's unexpected marriage, the death of my dear grandpa', all together awakened feelings new and peculiar. How did my heart rejoice to know that you, for whom I have long prayed, were at last a disciple of our blessed Saviour;

that you had seen the folly of sin, resolved to forsake its paths, and tread, by the help of God, holier and happier ways! Dear Bell, I do rejoice. The greatest wish I had is now granted me. A great burden has been rolled away from my mind, and I do, indeed, call upon my soul, and all within me, to bless the Lord for his loving kindness! I recollect an expression of our sainted mother, when I embraced religion, and was speaking to her of my feelings. 'O my child,' said she, 'I can never more doubt the goodness of God, but can trust him forever, and with faith look forward to the period when *all our family* shall dwell in heaven.' I adopt it as my own, and for my dear little brothers I cherish strong hope. The Lord will, I believe, incline their hearts, as he has inclined ours, to love him, and we 'shall all meet in heaven.' This is a wicked world. The temptations to which you will be exposed are numerous. Be fervent in prayer, constantly looking to your Saviour for help and direction. You are young. In youth, then, serve the Lord with sincerity. Give to him your best days. Aim at an elevated standard of piety. Keep your *heart* right before Jehovah; and then your conduct will accord with it. I will continue to pray for you, that you may grow in grace. You are as yet a babe. May you ever, in all your ways, acknowledge Christ, and be assured by him your paths shall be directed. I know you will endeavor to walk before your brothers as one professing godliness. Let them see for themselves a change in you. All you can say to them will effect no good, if they do not perceive that you feel and act the Christian."

The following anticipation, so soon realized, is worthy to be noted. It is from a letter addressed by Mrs. Shuck to her sister Susan, (Mrs. Crittenden,) under date of December 4, 1840.

"Yes, dear Susan, here we are apart — here we live divided by stormy seas; but by and by we shall re-unite in heaven, together to sing the praises of Him, whom on earth we would serve and honor"

CHAPTER IX.

1841 — Remarks on Mrs. Shuck's Sickness and Recovery — Her School — War between England and China — Prospect of preaching the Gospel without Molestation — Chinese Teacher a hopeful Inquirer — Letter to Robert, simple and affectionate — Mrs. Shuck's Solicitude and Efforts for the Salvation of her Sisters and Brothers — Remarks on the Marriage of her Sisters — A Box of Presents — Birth of her Daughter, Henrietta Layton — Reasons for the Name — Friends in Macao — Contrast between China and Lancaster.

In the commencement of the year 1840, Mrs. Shuck was apprehensive that she would soon be compelled to leave China, and, perhaps, return to America, to restore her feeble and declining health. She contemplated a visit to her native land — though, in many respects, it would have been exceedingly pleasant — with painful emotions. The truth is, her heart was set wholly on the cause of missions. For this she lived, and toiled, and prayed, and cheerfully suffered. To be diverted from her appropriate work, even to visit the father whom she so deeply venerated, and the sisters and brothers whom she so devotedly loved, was by her felt to be an affliction. It was only as the "last resort" that she could consent to return to the United States. From the pain of quitting her field of labor God mercifully spared her. Contrary to the expectations of her friends and physicians, her disease yielded to the reme-

dies employed; and she gradually and slowly, by the observance of a strict regimen, regained a comfortable measure of health. With fresh ardor and augmented faith, she devoted herself to the duties of her station. In the discharge of these duties, she was found in the beginning of the year 1841. Let us prepare to follow her through another brief year of her life, now rapidly drawing to its close.

To Mrs. Keeling.

"JAN. 9, 1841.

My general health is much better than it was when I last wrote. I have had scarcely any symptoms of liver disease for the last six months; and I have every encouragement to hope that the means which have been used to repel that disease have been blessed; and truly do I desire to ascribe to my kind Protector all the praise. This time last winter, the doctors were urging me to try a change of climate, and I had well nigh concluded that I must *die*, or leave Macao for a season. However, God, in his kindness, has restored me; and, I trust, yet to spend many happy years of toil in this land of darkness.

My little school prospers. The girls improve much, both mentally and morally; and I have great encouragement to persevere in teaching. Jane Maria reads very well, and improves astonishingly in writing. I hope she will soon be able to write you a letter. Akae is still with me, and proves a valuable assistant in teaching the younger children. At family prayers we read each two verses, and they (Akae and Jane) join with us, and, I am sure, read as well as most children

of their ages in America. I think much good may be accomplished by schools, and my desire is, to spend the remainder of my days in guiding the youthful step, and enlightening the ignorant mind of our sex, in this great land of paganism. So little has heretofore been done for the females, that I feel myself bound to exert my little influence wholly on them. I do not wish to take into my school any boys. Mr. S. would like, if he could have a support guarantied to them, to take four boys under his special instruction. He will not attempt any thing like a large school, as his object is to preach constantly to the people; and should there be a door opened into the empire, he hopes to enter at once, and to give all his time to this delightful employment.

There is every probability that some part of China will be thrown open, as a few days ago a rupture took place between the English and Chinese, and the former took possession of the Bogue Forts. The English lost but one man, and twenty wounded in the engagement. We have not heard the loss of the Chinese, but it was considerable. The fighting had not ceased when we last had accounts; and God only knows when and where these warlike operations will end. O, may they be overruled for his glory, and for the speedy entrance of his servants into the country. Chusan is still held by the English, and should it be the only spot open, we expect to remove there in the course of a few months. It is thought by some that Canton will yet come under English authority; and should that be the case, we hope to remove there. We rejoice to commit our ways entirely to Jehovah. He will direct our

paths, and we feel no anxiety as to our future course. All we long for is to be placed at some spot, where, unmolestedly, we can teach His name to the Chinese, and point them to Him as their only Saviour.

At present, we feel that we are doing little more than preparing to be useful. We study the language daily, and Mr. Shuck preaches every Sabbath to a few who assemble at our house, and he has a service every Friday night with the servants, who live in our family. He also goes frequently into the villages and shops, and commends the Saviour to those who as yet care nought for him.

Our teacher is a fine, gentlemanly young man, and gives us reason to believe that he is inquiring after truth. He evidently feels that the worship of idols is vain, and he desires to become fully acquainted with the doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Shuck feels encouraged in regard to him, and thinks that he is seriously impressed. He would be an ornament to the church were he really a lover of the Saviour. I have never any where seen a more polite, decent, and gentlemanly person than he is, in every respect. May God turn his heart from every false doctrine, and incline him to serve him, and truly and fully to understand that there is no other name given among men, by which they can attain to eternal life, but that of Jesus."

To her youngest Brother.

"APRIL, 1841.

My dear Bob. This address seems so sweet and natural, that I must still adopt it, though

perhaps you may feel that *now* you deserve a more *manly* one. I often think of you, my own, sweet little brother, and as I have written to all the older members of the family, I cannot slight you, and, therefore, I hastily pen you this scroll, to go early to-morrow morning. And what shall I say to you? I almost weep, dear boy, yea, I do, while I write, and think of that darling white-headed innocent one, whom, a few years ago, it was my privilege to take special care of. You always seemed *dearer* to me than the rest, (though all were dear,) I suppose, because our sainted mother died while you were a mere babe, and I had you left so helpless on my hands; and I must add too, that you were a *good* boy — I sincerely hope the same may be said of you *now*. I hear from pa' that you are at Waverley, going to Miss Ann Gaskins's school. Let me know how you like to study, and whether you improve, and what you are learning. I trust you are very polite and respectful to your teacher, and attend to all she says. You must give my love to her, and say it would gratify me much to receive a letter from her. Give my love also to all the family at Indian Creek, old and young, black and white, and especially to Henrietta Maria, and 'Pug.'

Your little nephews, Lewis and Ryland, frequently ask me about you, and they call you 'Uncle Robert.' They feel very anxious to see you all, and say they would like to go to America, 'if mamma and papa will go too:' nothing, however, could induce them to go without us. They are often amused, and listen with delight, when I tell them about the fine fruits, and candies, and good things in America, which they have not in

China. The strawberries especially attracted their remarks. Lewis said, 'O, if they grow on the ground, we could get them ourselves — plenty of them, too.' The fruits we have here, are, in my opinion, not to be compared to those with you; but I suppose you would think it a great treat to have oranges so plentiful as we have. They are just going out of season, and are selling at very high prices; the *best* being nearly *one cent*.

Lewis and Ryland have three or four goats, all given them but one, which we bought. They have called one 'Bell,' one 'Sue,' and one 'Nanny.' Bell is a most *spiteful, greedy* thing, and quarrels and fights with the others, and tries always to keep them from eating, and to secure all the food to herself. I trust the dear one after whom she is named possesses none of these qualities. I know she must have changed very much since I knew her, if she does. Every morning, the boys go with papa down into the garden, and feed them, and afterwards they are milked. They have also two turkeys. I think I told you all how expensive turkeys are in Macao. They sell sometimes for eighteen dollars apiece. Of course we don't buy. Fowls or chickens are cheap.

Well, now, my sweet, darling little Bob, I must ask you, if you ever think about becoming a Christian. You used to say you would be a 'Baptist preacher,' and go to Burmah. Do you feel that you desire to give your heart to the Saviour? You are young; but remember that the young as well as the old must die. Dear Lucius died much younger than you are; but I hope and believe he now lives with that Saviour of whom he used to talk so maturely. Think, too, of the

many texts in the Bible addressed to the young — 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' 'Those that seek me early shall find me.' I trust you will seek Christ early; and that 'Sis. Net.' will, though separated here in this vale of tears, meet her fond brother in realms of bliss above. Write to me soon. Your brother Lewis says, 'You must be a very good boy, and learn your books well.' Adieu! Your devoted sister."

In nothing was the piety of Mrs. Shuck more strikingly exhibited than in her intense anxiety and faithful efforts for the salvation of her sisters and brothers. Residing in a distant and strange land, she might easily have filled her letters to them with incidents and descriptions of natural scenery, and the various products of Eastern art, far more interesting to them than pungent appeals on the subject of religion. She was under a strong temptation to do so. She was naturally cheerful, and had an eye to behold, a taste to admire, and a fancy to paint, whatever was beautiful and grand in nature or in art. But she readily sacrificed the pleasing for the useful. She was accustomed to view every subject, and every interest, in the light of eternity. The letters to her brothers and sisters, inserted in the Memoir, are but fair specimens of her numerous communications to them. They are all directed to the same object — to persuade them to be pious and useful. Her first solicitude was for the conversion of Susan, who had been the endeared companion of her childhood. This was the object of her most fervent desire and most importunate

intercessions. The conversion of Susan transferred her solicitude, if possible, with augmented tenderness, to her youngest sister, Isabella. Her joy at the conversion of Susan was soon absorbed in anxiety for that of Isabella. When she heard of Isabella's baptism, her joy seemed to be full. Her brothers, who were young when she left America, began now to attract her pious solicitude. The above letter is a sample of the simple and skilful method by which she sought to allure her little brothers to the service of Christ. The compiler has rarely seen any thing of the kind so artless, so affectionate, and so admirably adapted to interest, win, and impress the tender heart of a child. If her brothers should be heedless of the kind, gentle, pious, I may say heavenly entreaties and admonitions of their fond, departed sister, they will incur no common guilt. We trust the strong confidence which she cherished in the salvation of all her endeared family will receive an early and joyful confirmation.

We will proceed with Mrs. Shuck's correspondence.

To her Sister Susan.

"APRIL, 1841.

Ere this reaches you, you will, perhaps, no longer bear the name of *Miss Susan Hall;* but it will have been converted into the more sober appellation of *Mrs. Susan Crittenden.* I say 'perhaps,' because so many disappointments of that kind do happen. I therefore know not how to write. If you are married, I pray the Lord to bestow on you and yours every needful blessing, both temporal and spiritual; if still single, may

that same kind Father guide and direct you in the path of duty. I will just say, that I am satisfied with your choice. 'Tis true, I did hope some missionary would 'pick you up;' but, as you say that you committed it to God, and prayed over it, I will, of course, feel that He has directed your path.

I suppose Lady Bell will be looking out, too, for a new name, by and by. You must be watchful over her, and give her all the good advice you can on this, as well as other matters. May you both, my dear girls, ever keep in view, amidst all your varied scenes, the great and truly important change which awaits us all. Let us be ever on the look-out for that messenger which shall summon us to another and unchanging state of existence, and so live, from day to day, as to go in peace and joy."

The following letter to Mrs. Hall is given as a specimen of the easy, unpretending style of her most familiar and unreserved correspondence.

"MACAO, APRIL 19, 1841.

My dear Ma',

Yesterday our hearts were gladdened by the arrival of letters and boxes from home. The box from you and the family contained many pretty and useful articles, and gave us renewed evidence that we still live in your memories, and share in your love. The dear boys stood by, and were enraptured whilst we opened, and took from the box its contents. The purses, and marbles, &c., greatly charmed them. Every thing *American* is of great consequence with them. I took the

pretty mugs, and was about placing them away, when they loudly called out, 'O mamma, they are mine!' I then said, 'Yes, dear, but you must take care of these beautiful mugs, and use them only when you are sick.' Ryland immediately replied, 'Yes! yes! and I am sick *now*, mamma,' which was quite out of the way, as he never was in finer health. However, I gratified them, and allowed them that night to drink their tea out of them. Doubtless they never before sipped such delicious tea. Akae and Jane are equally pleased with their books; and *Lewis* and *Henrietta* no less gratified with their various and suitable presents. We are now preparing some presents for you, which we hope to send very soon.

But now to your affectionate and kind letter. It was dated June 15, 1840. Since then, dear ma', how many changes have taken place, both in your family and mine! To me your present circumstances are unknown, and you are equally ignorant as to mine. How delightful to know that there is One to whom they are known; and that One rules, and overrules, all for the good of those who put their trust in him! One of the changes I will now advert to is, the birth of my darling little daughter, 'Henrietta Layton,' who is not yet three weeks old, but looks more like a babe of three months. She thrives, and is a lovely child. May she, with her brothers, be trained in the way they should go.' Of course we feel additional responsibilities devolving on us. Pray for us, dear ma', that we may be enabled to discharge our varied duties aright.

I will just, by the way, here tell you why we have called her 'Layton.' Mr. and Mrs. L.

lived in China some years, and were truly our friends. Many evidences did they give us of this fact. They have since removed, and are now living in or near Bristol, (Eng.,) and their kindness to us continues to be manifested in sending us letters and presents. In Isabella's box, you will find some bits of muslin, like dresses which I lately received from Mrs. L., together with a variety of other very necessary articles. Indeed, I now write on a most beautiful portable desk, neatly fitted up with pens, knives, wax, &c., which Mr. L. sent to Mr. S. The kindness of these friends, and the hope of benefiting them in a religious way, have caused us to name our love after them. You would love these friends if you knew them, and I am sure you do already for our sakes. Mrs. L. came to see me one cold winter day, and found me trembling with cold, as the floor of our room admitted the wind through the cracks. She went home, and actually took a carpet from her own room and sent it to me, which carpet now covers my bed-room. Was not this kind? A thousand other evidences of her affection could I mention did time permit.

Dear ma', we have *very many* friends in Macao. Scarcely a week passes that we do not receive some useful present. Ship biscuit and wafer crackers we have in abundance — all given to us. We trust our hearts are filled with gratitude to God, for putting it into the hearts of these dear friends to bestow on us so many favors. But really I must close. Baby begs for her 'tiffin,' or snack, by piteous cries — so I must say adieu."

To Mrs. Hall, her Step-Mother.

"JUNE 1, 1841.

How vast the contrast between your situation and mine! Around me all is drear and dark. Sin, idolatry, and death, abound here. The people with whom *I* dwell, unlike to *your* associates, care nought for the Sabbath, nor for Him who hath hallowed it. They toil on, regardless of eternity, and careful about those minor things only, which concern this world. They are told of heaven and of happiness — are instructed in those truths, so dear to us, which the word of God contains; but, alas! the soil of their hearts is barren, and the seed sown will not even take root. Dear ma', think of these perishing creatures, — the workmanship of God's hand, — and plead constantly and fervently for them."

CHAPTER X.

1842-3 — Removal to Hong Kong — Reasons for removing — Mr. S. raises Money to erect Chapels — Becomes assistant Editor of a Paper — Prospects of Usefulness — Mr. Dean's Arrival — Mrs. Shuck pleased in Hong Kong — China opening for the Gospel — Heat of the Climate — Letter to Isabella — Various Reflections — Letter from Dr. Diver to Mr. Hall — Baptisms — Brightening Prospects — Increase of Mrs. Shuck's domestic Cares — Death of Mrs. Dean — Labors of the Missionaries — Mrs. S.'s Health poor — Proof of her Devotion to Missions — Affectionate Disposition — Sickness of Netty — Mr. Shuck's Postscript — Destitution of the English Soldiers' Wives.

Mrs. Shuck's next letter was from the Island of Hong Kong, 40 miles east of Macao, at which place she passed the remainder of her life. The causes of her removal are sufficiently explained in the following letter to her father: —

"May 2, 1842.

I have just finished a long letter to Mrs. K., and am almost too much fatigued to commence one to you, yet I feel upbraided for having so long neglected to write to you. The fact is, that you are so particular about writing, and your letters are penned with so much accuracy, that I never like to write to you unless every thing is exactly as I wish, *pens, paper, ink, time, place, &c.*, and it seldom so happens that I am thus suited to my liking. Now, if I can overcome this feeling, I shall be sure to let you have my scrolls oftener than hitherto. I now seat myself with all these things against me — with only a tolerable pen,

thin paper, tired out, baby crying, Lewis and Ryland running here, there, and every where, and altogether out of sorts, still I will force myself to begin. When once begun, I shall go on more easily, and you, if you please, while perusing these lines, will kindly bear in mind all my inconveniences, and pardon what you see amiss. Well, to begin — you will, doubtless, wish to know what we are doing at Hong Kong. This place, which, you will recollect, was taken by the English two years ago, is fast rising to a city, affords facilities for missionary labor, and, withal, is considered a *healthy* spot. My health required a change; we thought of America; a free passage was offered us via England, and we had almost decided to embrace the offer. We earnestly sought guidance from Him, who ever directs the paths of those who commit their ways to him; and, in his providence, we were led to think of going to Hong Kong, instead of America. But what were we to do when we went there? We had no money with which to purchase land and build houses. Again, we went to the never-failing Source. The thought struck Mr. Shuck, that, as he was extensively acquainted in Macao and Canton, he would apply to his acquaintances, who had ever proved themselves willing to assist him, in promoting the interests of missions. The God of missions blessed the effort, and in a few days he collected about fifteen hundred dollars — went over to Hong Kong to see about obtaining ground for building a chapel — wrote a polite letter to the plenipotentiary, (Sir Henry Pottinger,) and obtained a free grant of a lovely spot. God had most signally blessed him, and now it was his

duty to persevere in the work to which he had put his hand. We determined immediately to move over; when, lo! to our sorrow, a sad blow was given. We received authentic accounts of the entire failure of Boyd & Co., agents of our Board, from whom we, and the other missionaries in the East, under the patronage of that Board, obtained our funds. We were without money — were threatened with want — could not get money without borrowing — this we did not wish to do, for we knew not how much the society had lost by this failure, and we might not have it in our power to repay what we borrowed. Perplexed and grieved, we could do nothing but commit our way to God, knowing assuredly that all things shall work together for good to them that love him. In the midst of all, a bright spot breaks through the dark cloud. A well-educated gentleman, hearing of Mr. Shuck's situation, offers to pay his expenses over to Hong Kong, give a comfortable house to live in, and fifty dollars monthly, if he would take the joint editorship, and superintend the printing of a paper, which he wished to publish. The way is plain — it is never dishonorable to work; so (though, under other circumstances, as our chief object is to labor for the conversion of the heathen, he would have rejected the offer) he accepts the proposition, and engaged himself for one year. 'Friend of China' is the name of the paper, a copy of which shall be regularly sent to you. We came over, and settled ourselves comfortably. Now, though Mr. S. is connected with this paper, his missionary work is not suspended. He has engaged builders, who are now erecting a splendid chapel on the lot

previously mentioned, to be called 'Queen's-Road Baptist Chapel;' is putting up another building in the Bazaar, in the midst of the Chinese dwellings, to be called the 'Bazaar Baptist Chapel;' has formed a school consisting of twelve boys, which he superintends; is erecting a private residence for ourselves, near to the first-named chapel; preaches three times on the Sabbath, twice to Chinese and once to English soldiers; and, I trust, is moving in a sphere of greater usefulness than he has been since our arrival on heathen territory.

But again, — for I must spin my yarn still longer, — two weeks after Mr. S. thus connected himself with the paper, he received a letter, in which it is stated most satisfactorily that he is at liberty, with all the other missionaries, to draw on Alexander, Esq., for *three fourths* of our salary. So much the better, for now (we could not do it before) we commence building a mission-house, spending on it all the money we can save through the strictest economy; and it will be given to the Society, notwithstanding it is built in part of our *private* funds. We do not wish for property. No, we feel that He who feeds the ravens and clothes the grass of the fields, will provide for our fond offspring. I will not cherish one feeling otherwise. To the service of our heavenly Father we devoted *ourselves*, our *all*, and I feel strong faith in his precious promises. He will be with us to the end of our pilgrimage, and when we slumber in the tomb, the same kind care will, I believe, be extended to the dear objects of our love. It would be base in us now, after so many proofs of his faithfulness, not to trust to him for the future.

Since commencing this letter, I have heard of the arrival of Rev. Mr. Dean and wife, with two native Christians, one to assist Mr. Shuck in making known to his deluded countrymen the gospel of peace. Mr. Dean's health had quite failed in Bankok, and as he derived such essential benefit from his previous visit to Macao, he has come again; I am happy to say, however, not on a visit, but with the intention of settling in China. It is not, just at present, expedient for him to move his wife over here, but, as soon as circumstances will permit, they will come over, and be connected with us in the mission. They may hereafter go northward, as it remains to be seen whether there is a sufficient number of Chinese in this place, speaking the dialect which he understands, to justify his locating here. We should much like to have him and his wife associated with us. May God direct! There is abundant work here, on the Island of Hong Kong, for several missionaries.

But I have not yet told you whether I like living here. I trust, my first inquiry on going to any place will ever be, Can I be *useful* here? If not, I could not be happy. So far, I see many ways in which I can be more useful here than in Macao; the change has decidedly improved my health, and the place is under the English government, and a protection is afforded to its inhabitants, not enjoyed in Macao. On the whole, I much prefer my present residence to Macao; though, being a new settlement, we are deprived of many comforts, and of society. I was the *first female* who came to reside here. One other, a Mrs. Ramsay, has come since. I feel the want

of the delightful society of the missionaries with whom I associated at Macao; but soon they will, many of them, come over. Mr. Brown, Dr. Hobson, Mr. Bridgman, D. D., are preparing to build here. The merchants are building largely, and in a few months, most likely, there will be many families living here. Mr. Boone, Mr. Macbryde, and others, studying the Fokeen dialect, will go to Amoy. Mr. Abeel has already gone there. China, dear pa', is no longer what it was. Doors are flying open, and missionaries, carrying with them the bread of life, are entering. The war, though it has been the means of much devastation and many deaths, has also been the means of opening the eyes of these blind and ignorant people. I sincerely pray that a peaceful settlement may soon take place between the two contending nations, and the millions who survive the war may yet bless God for the affliction sent on them, inasmuch as it has been the means of opening the closed doors to the heralds of the cross."

To Mrs. Hall.

"JUNE 13, 1842.

Dear ma', you have no conception of the heat of this and other Eastern climates. We feel incapable often to walk, stand, or eat; indeed, the most difficult task I have to do, sometimes, is to eat my breakfast, so languid do I feel. It is not so with me just now, as my appetite is very good. The most comfortable place in hot weather is the bathing-room, in which I keep several tubs, of different sizes, full of water. My dear boys go in, and *swim* about, (as they call it,) several

times during the day. They enjoy most excellent health, and, I trust, their precious little sister will, after her teeth are done troubling her. She has been healthy from her birth, till within the last several months she has seemed exceedingly delicate. I had to take her to Macao, a few weeks ago, for the change, and also to seek medical advice, as there was no physician here at the time. The change proved beneficial to her. How much care and anxiety do these little dears cost their mothers! I often think how much children owe their parents, and how base it is in them when they are ungrateful to them.

I feel very thankful to you for your kind letter of Nov. 28, 1841, which came to hand a few days ago. It had been a long time since I received a letter from you, and I was anxiously expecting one. Your account of the tour you made with pa' was particularly interesting, and to hear of so many joining the church of God really afforded me heartfelt joy. I rejoiced to hear that two, for whom I tried to pray, had embraced religion, viz. S. L. S. and S. D. Give my love to them, and may they prove faithful to their Creator, and finally receive a crown of life."

To her Sister Isabella.

"JUNE 14, 1842.

And now, dear Bell, let me thank you most heartily for your long, kind letter of Nov. 10, 1841, which I received a day or two ago, with others from the family, and also a goodly number of religious papers. Your improvement in writing is very great, and delights me much. If you persevere, you will soon be able to write with ease

and elegance, and you must bear in mind that 'practice makes perfect,' and write a great many letters to me, and your dear brother, who, I assure you, loves you devotedly, as also all the family.

You mention the death of J. H., whom I recollect, and cousin E.'s eldest child. I sincerely sympathize with the parents of both, and while I believe that those of the former will have grace given them to bear with Christian submission the will of God, I trust those of the latter may be brought to a sense of their own state, and seek to follow their darling daughter to the mansions of the blest. It is to me, my dear sister, a matter of thankfulness, while I hear of one and another falling into the grave, that my sisters and brothers are still permitted to live. But I desire to have my mind prepared for any thing that may come. I cannot expect, in this world of change and sorrow, to pass through the journey of life without feeling some of the pangs which others have experienced. I may yet follow to their last resting-place one or more of my sweet offspring. I may live to hear of the death of my fond father, my sisters, or my brothers; or, what is worse than all, I may be bereft of the devoted companion of my youth, and left a widow in a foreign land. I know not which of these evils may befall me, or whether I may not fall a victim to disease, and leave my husband and my children alone in this unfriendly world. But one thing I feel assured of, which often affords me comfort, — that my times are in the hands of God, and that all things shall work together for good to them that love and serve him. Why should I trouble myself, then, as to the future? No, let me rejoice

always, even in *affliction*. What would this world be without an interest in Christ? What but religion can bear us up under the trials of life? What else can cause us to tread, with joyful steps, the sometimes dark and unknown paths of life? Let us, then, ever rely on Christ, resolving, that, let others do as they may, as for us, we will love and serve the Lord.

I had a long conversation, yesterday afternoon, with an English gentleman, who is intelligent in the things of this world, but manifests a woful ignorance of the plan of redemption. He told me he believed that there is a God, a heaven, but *no hell;* and that all was '*fudge*' concerning the punishment of the wicked hereafter. He made many such harsh and wild remarks. I told him plainly what I knew, and what I thought he might expect, except he should repent of his sins, and seek pardon from a merciful but just God. He thought me a fanatic, and I thought him what is worse. He rose to leave, after some time, and said, 'Well, Mrs. Shuck, I'll leave your delusion —'tis all a dream.' Said I, 'Happy for you were it so;' and we parted, when I most devoutly prayed to God to cause him to see himself a *vile sinner*."

Dr. Diver, having left the East on account of his health, settled in Athens, Ohio. Under date of Oct. 1842, he addressed the following letter to Rev. Mr. Hall:—

"I received to-day, from the hands of a gentleman from Philadelphia, a large parcel of letters from China, among which was one from you, in

answer to my letters having special reference to the health of your daughter, Mrs. Shuck. And although two years have elapsed since this letter was written, I feel called upon to thank you for the kind wishes expressed; and though far removed from the interesting family at Macao," (now in Hong Kong,) "who still have my warm affection. I often wish I could get intelligence from them. The interesting scenes I witnessed among them often rise vividly before my mind, and I fancy I see the bright-black-eyed Lewis, or the laughing, romping little Ryland, running to meet me, as I enter their father's hospitable dwelling; or hastening to shut the door, as I rise to go, lest my visit be too short. Sometimes, I think I hear them calling me to stop, and wait to take them down to 'Sha-lan-tsai.' O! how my heart throbs with love to that dear family! my affection for them while I was in China was sincere and ardent, and now, while separated, it appears to strengthen."

To her Father.

"SEPT. 3, 1842.

Mr. Shuck has his hands full, and most excellent attendance on his preaching, both in Chinese and English. He has baptized several persons lately, and there seems to be a gleam of hope that God will pour out his spirit on the inhabitants of this place."

To Mrs. Keeling.

"APRIL 23, 1843.

I am reminded of the great length of time which has passed since I wrote to you, by looking

over the Religious Herald, which has lately reached us, and in which I see some extracts from my last communication to you. I know you will excuse me, for though I plead guilty, yet I may somewhat lessen that guilt by giving you an account of the extraordinary circumstances of my family. For some months my own health was very, *very* precarious, and my little Henrietta was at the same time in exceedingly delicate health, and being without a nurse for her, I was much occupied in taking care of her. For the sake of change, I took her to Macao, leaving the boys with their papa. In the mean time, Mr. Dean and his family removed over to Hong Kong, and took up their residence in our family, which, of course, greatly augmented my domestic duties. About four months ago, a young Chinese lad, who had embraced religion, and been baptized in Baltimore, arrived here, and having no means of support, we took him in to share with us our pittance. Two months after, Dr. MacGowan arrived, and he finds with us also a home. He found us all in reasonable health. My little Jane was then recovering from the chicken-pox. Soon after, another little girl, Mecha, was taken down with high fever. We all hoped it was only chicken-pox; but in a few days the doctors affirmed it to be *varioloid*. She was ill for two weeks, and required constant attention and care on my part. As she became better, Mrs. Dean was one day suddenly taken ill. Her fever raged beyond the power of medical skill, for some three or four days, when an eruption followed, which was pronounced to be *confluent small-pox*. In eight days from the time she became ill, she fell asleep in

Jesus. As to the state of her mind, we can say nothing. We think, from the expression of her countenance, she was sensible to the last; but for four days previous to her death, the power of speech had failed; all she could say was, 'No,' indistinctly. You can easily enter into my feelings, with so many children exposed to this dreadful disease. Mrs. Dean had been vaccinated, and I feared that, as in her case vaccination proved to be no security against the small-pox, it might not in ours. I could only look to the never-failing Source of comfort, feeling assured, that as my day, so should my strength be. Thanks to a kind Providence, no other case of the disease has occurred in the family.

We all feel the loss we have sustained in the death of our dear sister, and warned to put our houses in order. She was in perfect health, and most likely to live of any in the house. The morning previous to her attack, she took a walk of several miles before sun-up, and while sitting at breakfast, I observed how well she appeared, and how rosy were her cheeks. She remarked that she felt great concern for my health, and begged me to walk early in the mornings. Alas! how little did she, or any of us, think that in eight days more her rosy cheeks would be pale, and her active limbs stiff in death! I feel that the mission have sustained a great loss. She was eminently prepared for usefulness, having acquired such a knowledge of the Chinese language as to enable her to read it, and compose in it, with facility. I feel her loss, for she was kind enough to take the charge of my children and pupils two hours every day, and give them instruction.

They were making astonishing progress, and the arrangement greatly relieved me. I deeply sympathize with our dear brother D., who is again left with an infant daughter. His two little girls, Matilda and Fanny, are each representatives of a departed mother. God truly moves in a mysterious way; his thoughts are not as our thoughts. We, poor, short-sighted mortals, cannot now see why the wife and mother has been taken away; but, by and by, we shall know, and rejoice that thus it was. Bro. D. bears his loss with astonishing fortitude and Christian manliness. May we all, by this Providence, remember that we, too, are mortal, and may we be roused to diligence in our Master's cause, knowing, assuredly, that the night cometh in which no man can work. Pray for me, my dear sister. *I* may be the next victim of the destroyer. I feel, as Mrs. Newell said, 'this *mud-wall* cottage shake.' O that I may be ready for its fall!

I have some two or three items more to communicate, which I am assured will interest you and brother K. Relative to our labors here at present, I am encouraged to say, that we believe the pleasure of the Lord to be prospering in our hands. The church, which numbered five members at its constitution, has now increased fourfold. Two chapels are completed, and large congregations of both Chinese and English assemble to hear the preached gospel. Mr. Shuck is assisted by brother Dean, and the brethren of other denominations, in English services, which are held at the Queen's-Road-Chapel three times a week. He preaches in this chapel every Sabbath, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and every Friday

night, and three times a week he holds service in the Bazaar Chapel, in Chinese, besides having family worship at night in Chinese, and in the morning in English, at our own house. Messrs. Roberts and Dean have their services also at the Bazaar Chapel. Mr. Dean holds family prayers with his domestics, and others, in his own study every morning. Truth seems to be taking hold on the minds of the people. A few Sabbaths ago, Mr. Shuck had the privilege of baptizing a merchant and his wife; and this morning we again visited the baptismal waters, and saw him lead into the liquid grave a young English soldier, who gives pleasing evidence of being born again. Bro. Dean followed, leading two others, who, but a few months ago, bowed their knees to gods of wood and stone. Yes, my dear friend, our hearts are encouraged, indeed, to see two Chinese thus put on Christ before the world. O! may they walk in newness of life. We expect more will soon apply for baptism. I feel encouraged, also, concerning my dear little Jane Maria. I believe God is at work with her. O! if she should be saved, it will be worth all my toil and all my sacrifices. The joy will far outweigh all the sorrow it cost me to bid adieu to the land of my nativity, my father's house, the circle of brothers, sisters, and Christian friends, and I shall feel that to have been the humble instrument in snatching this tender lamb from the lion's den, will cause me more happiness than to have gained the wealth of worlds. Shall I, O! shall *I*, unworthy as I am, reach heaven, and there meet any one of this people, who, but for me, would have sunk to woe? The thought is too much for me; I cannot dwell on it."

During most of the year 1843, Mrs. Shuck's health was extremely feeble. At the birth of her fourth child, Oscar Devan, she was on the very verge of the grave. Her physician, at one time, almost despaired of her recovery. God, however, again raised her up, so that she was able to attend to her domestic duties. It was evident that her constitution was gradually failing under the enervating influence of the climate and repeated attacks of disease. In the month of July, through the advice of her doctor, she visited Macao, leaving her husband and two older children, and taking with her little Netty, in very poor health, and her youngest child, an infant. At this time, her weight was only eighty-five pounds, though when she left America it was more than one hundred. Her letters, at this period, bear obvious marks of her feebleness and lassitude. They are not composed with so much vivacity, nor penned with so much care and accuracy, as those of former years. In one respect, however, it is pleasing to observe, they suffer no diminution. They exhibit the same strong confidence in God, and breathe the same fervent spirit of piety, and devotion to the work of missions, which characterized her former correspondence. She gave, at this time, an affecting proof of her entire consecration to the missionary work. She was most ardently attached to her father, and her relatives generally. She would have enjoyed greatly a visit to the United States. In a letter to her sister Susan, written at this period, she says, "My feeling," with respect to visiting America, "is, the will of God be done. If he wills it, most gladly would we turn our faces homeward; if not, most joy-

fully will we live and die in China. At present, we see not the *least* prospect that we shall ever visit America. God, by his providences, seems to be stationing us more permanently at Hong Kong. Still we know not what is in the womb of futurity. A short time and all our plans may be thwarted: we may be on our journey to old Virginia, or we may be safely landed in our last resting-place. God Almighty direct. *Leave us not to ourselves.*" Shortly after this, some of the members of the mission proposed that Mrs. Shuck should visit America; but she promptly declined doing so. A visit to Macao might restore her health; at any rate, she hoped to be able, by care, to endure the heat of summer, and that the bracing weather of winter would restore her usual health. "May the Lord," said she, "ever direct us aright. I have always felt it a most delightful privilege to commit my way to him."

For nothing was Mrs. Shuck more remarkable than for the affectionateness of her disposition. She loved every one with whom she became acquainted, and was quite sure to secure a reciprocation of this feeling. Her generous heart knew no distinction between the high and the low. She ever exhibited a sincere attachment to her father's servants, and a fervent solicitude for their spiritual welfare. In her letters to her family, she often speaks of them in the kindest terms. Take the following extract as a specimen: "Much love to all the servants. Tell them that I love them still. How are my poor old Chaina, Violet, Levina, Solomon, and the others? Is Solomon not a Christian yet? Tell him 'Miss Henrietta'

remembers and prays for him, and wishes to meet him in heaven. I trust that Chaina, Violet, and Levina are not growing tired, but pressing on to Canaan. Ask them to pray for me, and for the poor heathen, whose minds are very dark — who worship wood and stone."

To Mrs. Keeling.

"SEPT. 27, 1843.

Your letter is full of good news. To hear of so many joining the ranks of the Lord is indeed glorious tidings. O, may they all prove faithful, and finally receive a crown of glory! Are you not encouraged to find such a large number amongst them, who were once your pupils? Is it not reasonable to suppose that your instructions were the means of leading them, or some of them at least, to think of their eternal destiny? Be encouraged then, my dear, affectionate friend, and go on sowing the seed, and you will most assuredly reap, if you faint not. The precious instructions, on many points, which I received from you and your dear husband, are still fresh in my memory; and, though while young I thought not so much of them, yet now, in maturer years, they are treasures, yea, seed, which, sown in the morning, are now springing up. I can never forget your kindness to me and my sweet sisters. Your reward awaits you in a better world. I often think of the kind, the tender way in which you spoke to me: if you had to correct, it was done with so much love that it won upon me, and increased rather than diminished my affection for you; and while almost every one with whom I met endeavored to pour cold water on the little

flame of missionary spirit which I cherished, you and your companion fanned and enlivened it by your kind and judicious suggestions. Had the providence of God not placed me under your instructions, I sometimes think the unkind remarks which were made concerning my going as a missionary might have wounded my spirit, so as to cause me to decide that I was not called of God to this work. But at your school I was taught to feel more and more for the perishing heathen, and not till I had been with you some time did I decide to go.

You speak of desiring to see me again in America. If it be the will of God, I feel that it would afford me great happiness to visit that land, to meet once more, face to face, my kindred and friends, but not unless it be his will. The future is to me unknown, but I feel the greatest joy in committing my way to God. He will direct, I *know* he will.

Little Henrietta is still a delicate plant, and I sometimes fear that this uncongenial clime will prove fatal to her. For the last eight months she has had a constant diarrhœa, which has baffled the skill of the best physicians, and the greatest care on my part as to her diet. It still hangs on her, and I know not what to do. A trip to Macao had no good effect. She is cheerful, sleeps well, has an excellent appetite, and to appearance is well; but I fear the complaint, having now assumed a chronic form, will be very hard to cure. Still I will hope for the best, and trust the cold weather will prove beneficial to her, as well as to her mother, who is almost always suffering in the same way. Mr. Shuck's health is remarkable.

He is as strong, I think, as when he was in America, and is busy from early morn till late at night."

Appended to this letter there is a postscript from Mr. Shuck. It is as follows: —

"Mrs. Shuck's head will not allow her to finish this sheet, and therefore she turns over this side to me. I had determined to write you, and your dear husband, a long letter, and I have not yet abandoned the determination to do so, ere-long. Henrietta has given you all the family news. As to my labors, I may remark that they are encouraging, amidst a vast deal of discouragement. The church under my care a few months ago numbered twenty-six members; but death has taken away three in the triumphs of faith, and we have been compelled to exclude two native members, who were baptized by Mr. Roberts. Still my congregations are large and very interesting, and I have seven or eight inquirers, who afford me much hope. Three of these are highly literary men in their own country, a fourth is a Chinese physician, and fifth is a priest of the Budha sect — three are applicants for baptism. My health never was better, and I am allowed the great privilege of holding eleven Chinese services weekly. The Chinese congregations on Lord's days at public preaching are large and attentive. Pray for us — we most of all need the descent of the Holy Spirit. I sometimes think that the hearts of the Chinese are farther from God than those of any other people. I suffer for want of a colleague. Mr. Dean's church wor-

ship in the Bazaar Chapel, where he also has large and interesting congregations. Mr. D. and I, you know, speak entirely differents dialects — he the Tea Chew, and I the Canton. He lives in our family, and is a most worthy brother. Our mission has been greatly strengthened by the arrival of Dr. MacGowan, a pious and intelligent young gentleman, of the right missionary stamp. He left us a day or two ago to establish a new station at Ningpo.

I am truly pleased with the 'Va. Baptist Preacher,' and shall always be glad to receive it. Good Brother Ryland has been sending me copies of it. It is judiciously edited, because the right man has hold of it. Sincerely do I hope that our appeal to the Richmond churches (to send out and support a missionary) will meet with success, and we shall be permitted to welcome a missionary family from Va. How easily could both missionary and money be provided, were the disciples willing. It is most distressing to think how little moral power the vast accessions to the Baptist churches bring to them. This circumstance prevents me from reading the accounts of revivals with that interest I used to do. I suspect the piety of inactive Christian professors. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

To her Sister Susan.

"Dec. 19, 1843.

On this, the anniversary of your birthday, allow me, my dear sister, to express many wishes for your happiness, and that of your beloved George and darling child. May you yet live to see many, many years, and as you grow older,

become riper and riper for that heavenly state, unmeasured by time. How rapidly are we borne on by the wings of time! I can scarcely believe that you are *twenty-two*, and I *twenty-six* years old. A little while ago we were children together, enjoying the society of each other, and that of our dear parents, brothers, and sister. Years have glided on, and the present one finds us married, and bearing the responsible, but delightful relation of mother. Time, however, with all its withering changes, has not diminished the sisterly affection existing between us. No, dear sister, though so far, far away from you, and so many years have passed since I looked upon your face, I still *love* you, still *remember* you. It affords me happiness, too, to be assured that the feelings I have for you are reciprocated. In reviewing our past lives, do we not see the abounding love of our heavenly Father towards us? How gently, if at all, has his afflictive hand been laid upon us! Others around us have sickened and died, while we remain as monuments of his mercy O! may we not prove ungrateful monuments; but the time past of our lives sufficing us to have wrought the will of the flesh, may we now renew our strength, and, with determined zeal, endeavor to glorify God.

I have a large and interesting field of labor before me amongst the soldiers' wives and children. I visit them frequently, give them books, and pray with the sick among them. They are the most destitute set of human beings I ever saw. Many of them have not a second dress, or garment of any kind. I find use for all my old clothes, and I have begged the other ladies for

theirs. Money was given me to expend for them, and I purchased a piece of coarse, but good, warm cloth, and gave it to the little boys for jackets and trousers; and their little countenances told me, that when they bowed, and said; 'Thank you, ma'am,' they felt it. The great cause of their distress has been a fire, which broke out and consumed, not only their houses, (which were made of matting,) but every thing they possessed. They fortunately escaped themselves with little harm to their bodies. Sickness has disabled others of them, who were not burnt out, from working; so that altogether they are in a most suffering condition in this cold weather — far worse than that of the slaves in Virginia, notwithstanding the English speak so harshly of American slavery. I wish they would cast the beam out of their own eye. The allowance by government for these poor creatures is very small indeed."

CHAPTER XI.

1844 — Closing Year of Mrs. Shuck's Life — Her Correspondence continued — Manner of spending her Time — Progress in the Chinese Language — Her Youthful Appearance — The Frigate Brandywine — Mr. Walthall's Illness — Beautiful Extract — Temptations of Missionaries — Allusion to Mrs. Dean's Death — Solemn Anticipations — Remarks concerning them — Contributions to Mrs. Shuck's School — Increase of it — Obstacles to Female Education — Indisposition to Writing — Opening School-room — Last Letter to her Father — Arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Devan — Her Father's Picture — Last Letter to her Family — Religious Enjoyment — Note to Mrs. Keeling — Her last Letter — Remarks.

We have now reached the last year in the life of Mrs. Shuck. She is still young, not having attained to the maturity of her mental powers. She has acquired such a knowledge of the Chinese language as enables her to converse in it with facility and propriety. Having by long-continued intercourse become acquainted with the manners and customs of the natives, she is well qualified to conciliate, interest, and instruct them. She is placed in a sphere of great and increasing usefulness, as the mother of an interesting family, the companion of an active and successful missionary, and the teacher of a large and promising native school. She has begun to reap the fruit of her anxious toil. Through long and dark years she has been praying and waiting for China to be opened for the reception of the gospel, and pre-

paring herself, by incessant study, to teach the idolatrous Chinese the way of life. The clouds are now dispersing. The heathen are now beginning to "turn from dumb idols to serve the living and true God." The consummation so long and so devoutly wished, seems to be at hand. But God's ways are not as our ways.

To her Sister Susan.

"MARCH 16, 1844.

I will now tell you exactly how my hours are spent. In the first place, I must with shame say that I do not rise *early*. Indeed I sleep so late in the morning, now-a-days, that I can accomplish but very little before breakfast. I did, a little while ago, take a long ride in my sedan chair before sunrise, but I can't do it in the winter time. Well, by ten o'clock my duties of a private and domestic nature are all attended to, and then I have ten Chinese lads, and my own two boys, my two girls, and three European children, soldiers' daughters, whom I teach till twelve o'clock. Then, as you may suppose, I feel tired, and I get something to eat, say a cup of tea, and a waffle, and rest for half an hour. Then I sing, and rock my Netty (for she is still the pet) to sleep. I go around, and see that every thing is neat and tidy, after which I either read, write, mend or make clothes, and attend to the instruction of the girls in needle-work, &c. At four, we dine. After dinner I generally go out to see some of my missionary friends, and spend an hour. I often take my children with me, unless their papa is at home, as I do not like to leave them to the care of the native servants. I

come home, we take tea, and chat till 8 o'clock, when I hear the children read the Bible, and have prayer with them. Mr. Shuck is engaged at the same time, in another room, with the Chinese servants, and any others who may desire to attend his meeting. The children are generally in bed by half-past eight, and then I have a little while to myself. I sometimes visit the soldiers' wives, pray with the sick amongst them, and distribute Bibles and tracts. I have now pretty much given you a detailed account of my daily occupations. Of course there are interruptions sometimes, but not often. It does not seem much, and yet I have no time to idle. I forgot to tell you that one Friday in every month we have a maternal meeting: I take with me all my children but baby."

To her Sister Isabella.

"March, 1844.

You ask, if I have much time to study the language; I answer, that I am so situated as to be compelled to speak Chinese constantly. All our servants are Chinese, and we have a school of twenty boys, who speak no English, so that I study it in this way, which is perhaps the best. I flatter myself that I speak this language *quite well;* at least, I have no difficulty in understanding and being understood. I cannot say I have as yet ceased my English education. I feel that I must exert myself to acquire information, on account of my boys, who are fast growing up, and must necessarily receive much of their education from me. I am reading Rollin's Ancient History. O, I sorrow over the precious hours I threw away in my girlish folly! Now I see the need

of study. I feel thankful to my dear pa' for his endeavors to give me a good education. Ah! he was a good father to me in every respect. I feel his loss, though I will not say *loss*, — he is still my father, and his letters now afford me comfort, and his judicious and affectionate hints are not lost upon me, far away as I am from him.

I was truly rejoiced to hear of the conversion of Solomon — (one of her father's servants.) Remember me to him, and tell him I have prayed for him, and shall continue to do so. May he ever adorn his profession by an upright walk and godly conversation. How do Levina and Chaina get on? I should so like to see them! Perhaps I may, some of these days. I am sure they would like to see old Henrietta now, with her three fine sons, and sweet little girl; and I do not feel old with all these marks of old age around me. A short time ago, I breakfasted with one of my missionary friends, who began to joke me about my number of children. One of the ladies present said, 'When I first came to China, and saw you, I thought what a silly man Mr. Shuck was to select so young a woman to take care of those boys,' little thinking that I was their *own* mother. I often joke my husband about this — he really looks old, but I am, to all appearance, as young as ever.

The Brandywine arrived here the other day, and I went on board, and found a great many Virginians. One young man, Mr. Walthall, now very ill, is living with us, who is acquainted with cousin Richard Glasscock. It was a great pleasure to see a person who knew one of my relatives."

During a part of this year, Mrs. Shuck kept a journal, for her sister Susan. On the inner side of the cover she penned the following beautiful extract, which she had clipped from a newspaper.

"I AM. Who ever conceived a more beautiful illustration of this sublime text than the following by Bishop Beveridge?

I am. 'He doth not say, I am their light, their guide, their strength, or tower, but only "I AM." He sets as it were his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he should say, are they weak? *I am* strength. Are they poor? *I am* all riches. Are they in trouble? *I am* comfort. Are they sick? *I am* health. Are they dying? *I am* life. Have they nothing? *I am* all things. *I am* wisdom and power. *I am* justice and mercy. *I am* grace and goodness. *I am* glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, super-eminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity! Jehovah, *I am.* — Whatever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that *I am.* Whatsoever is pure and holy; whatsoever is great or pleasant; whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that *I am.*'"

From her journal we shall present a few extracts: —

March 28. "Here, as well as in America, the devil dwells, and often assaults us. Yes, we have our temptations and our cares; and no matter where we go, though it may be to the end of the earth, we carry with us a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. I long to be more conformed to Christ; but, alas! even

my desires are wicked. At a prayer meeting a few nights ago, one of the missionaries who have lately come out, remarked, that when he left America he thought he had given up the world, but he found he had not. He had his temptations here also. His sinful heart still led him astray. It is very true missionaries are but *men* and *women*, and no better than other Christians. Here we are surrounded by fashionable society. We have invitations to balls and to parties, which of course we do not accept. Indeed, I think we have more to call our attention to worldly things than we had at home. *I know I have.* We certainly have more trials — our servants lie, cheat, and steal, and try us in a thousand ways. Our children are exposed, in some measure, to their influence, and we must constantly keep them with us, or know that they are learning something sinful from the servants.

March 29. Twelve months ago this day, our house was visited by that messenger, which will assuredly visit every one living being, and which during the past year has frequently carried away its victims from this city. It was a solemn time — a husband was deprived of the society of a dear wife, and an infant daughter of a fond mother. Why was *I* spared? I feel humbled in view of the mercy of my heavenly Father. My dear Lewis might have been bereaved of his companion, and my beloved children motherless. O for a more holy life, a more devoted spirit, a closer walk with God! I know not what is in the future — a year more, and the hand that holds this pen may be palsied by death; the soul that loves to hold converse with earthly friends may be reunited with

the loved ones gone before. Yes, my sister, *you* and *I* may have met in holier regions above. We know not the changes which may come over us during this year. The thought of what may be makes me sad. But why should it make me sad? God cannot err, or be unkind. Then let us cheer up, Susan, though our fondest hopes of meeting again in the flesh be blasted. All will be well, whether we live or die. My dear sister, nine or ten years ago, I looked upon the grave with pleasure. I almost longed to die, for then I felt that I should be at rest, and know no sorrow; but I feel differently now — the cause is obvious. A *wife* and a *mother!* How strongly do these relations bind us to earth! I feel that my heart clings too fondly to my children and my husband; but love them as I may, I *must* give them up; I must close their eyes in death, or they mine.

'Come, my fond, fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be;
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves more closely to the dust.'

I would not have you think my hopes are not strong in Christ. I do feel, that unworthy as I am, I shall, through the merits of my Saviour, find acceptance. Yes, I love to throw myself on him. But I do not feel willing to die; I desire for many reasons to live. I desire to be a comfort to him who shares my best affections, to train up the little ones that God has given us for heaven, and to be the means of bringing into the fold of Christ many poor, deluded heathen. I wish to see *you*

again. O! how soon may all my wishes be blasted! How vain to wish! How much better to have no will of our own!

'The Christian should not have his lot
Be other than it is;
For while his Father rules the world,
He knows that world is his.

He knows that he who gave the best,
Will give him all beside;
Assured each seeming good he asks,
Is evil, if denied.

When clouds of sorrow gather round,
His bosom owns no fear;
He knows, whate'er his portion be,
His God will still be there.

He knows it is a father's will,
And therefore it is good;
Nor should he venture by a wish
To change it, if he could.'

The sentiments contained in the above lines are most beautiful. I admire, and long to make them my own."

We may well linger a few moments on the above pathetic extract. Mrs. Shuck seems to have a mournful presentiment of her own death, and that of her sister Susan. "Yes, my sister, *you* and I may have met, before the close of the year, 'in holier climes above.'" The words "*you* and *I*" were underscored by her own hand. These sisters, the eldest children in the family, grew up with the most tender and endearing attachment to each other. Providence early separated them; but their hearts were indivisible.

Every letter from one to the other breathed sentiments of sisterly and Christian affection — affection which neither distance nor time could extinguish or weaken. The anticipation of Mrs. S. was soon to be realized. She departed before the end of the year, and quickly enjoyed the happiness of meeting her beloved sister "in holier climes above." We are reminded of the pathetic words of Israel's royal bard, They "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not" long "divided."

Journal. — "March 31. I feel excessively tired, having been from 10 o'clock till this hour, (1 o'clock,) engaged in teaching; but I must add a line or so now, as I have a leisure moment before me. I went to chapel last night, and heard Dr. Bridgman on 'Total Abstinence.' I agreed with him in all that he said, though I am obliged, from debility of constitution, occasionally to take beer or wine.

I forgot to mention that, on Friday or Saturday, a young gentleman, Lieut. in the army, called to see the school, expressed himself as much gratified, and, after he left, sent $15 for its benefit. The friends in China are very charitable, and always give liberally to worthy objects. The father of this young man, Major-General D'Aguilar, had before sent us $20, without any solicitation on our part, which he begged Mr. S. to use according to his own wishes, for the good of the cause. We have handed the money over to our treasurer, Mr. Dean, for the school.

April 4. Three days ago, a very gratifying incident occurred. Two Chinese gentlemen

brought their daughters to me, and one of them a niece, also, and placed them under my care; and yesterday, another came; so that I have now six girls, making, all together, including my own, thirty-two children. Only think of it, Sue, so many mouths to feed; and do you imagine I have time to be idle? I need not say that I feel my duties and responsibilities to be great, but, I trust, a great God will assist me in meeting them faithfully. These girls came poorly clad, and I have already laid out ten dollars for them, and have persons at work to get them decent for the coming Sabbath, when I shall take them with me to the chapel. Mrs. Devan, of New York, is very kind, and has sent me ninety dollars for my female school, fifty of which I have received, and the remaining forty are on the way. I shall obtain as many as twenty girls, as I think I can take care of that number. I have written for a young lady in England to join me, and if she should come out, I shall have great assistance from her. She is a Baptist, and I am well acquainted with her sister, now in China, and connected with the London Missionary Society."

From an article furnished by Mrs. Shuck, for the Mother's Journal, about this time, we select the following extract, to show the obstacles to the instruction of Chinese girls.

"You are, perhaps, aware that ever since our arrival on these shores, we have been making exertions in behalf of female instruction. We have, at different times, succeeded in obtaining as many as five or six interesting girls; but after they

have been neatly clothed, and are just beginning to improve, their parents have secretly stolen them away, and many we have never seen since. We succeeded in keeping one girl three years, by paying her mother, who was very poor, two dollars per month, and finding the girl in her clothes and food. She was a quick girl, and had learned to read, write, and compose in English very well. She was familiar, also, with simple geography and history. She possessed a great amount of religious knowledge, though her heart was too hard to bend to its holy influence. She was, however, taken from me by her mother, more than a year ago, and is to be married soon to a wicked, illiterate youth, who, I am told, is already a desperate *opium-smoker*. I have received several letters from her. In one, she says, 'I cannot now run and hop, as I used to do, for my mother has bound up my feet.' I believe it is not usual to bind the feet at such an advanced age, but the father of the lad whom she is to marry wished it, and the poor girl was compelled to yield to the torture. She is now fourteen years old. When I last visited Macao, I went to see her. She looked pale and sickly, and said she was in great pain with her feet. Her mother and friends upbraided me for having taught her that it was wrong to worship idols, for, said they, 'We cannot make her bow to our gods;' 'neither will she work on the Sabbath,' they continued. I felt encouraged to hope that the seed sown might spring up to the glory and honor of God. It is by *faith* we are commanded to walk, not by sight."

To her Sister Susan — the last Letter to her.

"Sept. 15, 1844.

My dear Sister — I cannot find amongst my unanswered letters one from you, and yet it strikes me, there is one, somewhere, to which I have not yet replied; at any rate, I suppose you will not object to a line or two from me, though I may not be in your debt. I must, before I proceed, apologize for writing so seldom. Somehow, for the last eight months, I have felt a dislike for writing, and do not even write a note if I can get my business accomplished without it. The reason of this aversion I know not. I am perfectly well, and go through a vast amount of labor and fatigue every day. I feel inclined to perform any kind of work, but writing. Now I do not wish you to take this feeling as an apology exactly, for I know I am to blame for indulging it. I love to think of you all, and often do I wish to *talk* with you, but I do not derive as much satisfaction from writing to you as I could wish. One thing I will mention as somewhat of an excuse. The climate this summer has been most withering in its influence, and perhaps has withered my energies: they may revive again as the cold weather comes. But, my dear sister, don't for one moment think that my affection has become cold: I love you as much as ever, yea, *more than ever*, and the hours devoted by others to sleep, I often spend in thinking of you, and my other dear relatives far away.

We feel greatly encouraged by the number around us who seem to be truly inquiring the way to heaven; and it affords us happiness not easily described, that we are able to point them to

the bleeding Lamb of God. We are now realizing some of those anticipations which thrilled our bosoms, as we saw sweet and endeared America, with all its interesting scenes, fade from our view. Pray for us, dear Susan; we more than ever need your prayers. I hope you will excuse me for saying that your dear brother is more devoted than ever to his labors. Indeed, I feel great anxiety for him; he does not look well, and has enough labor for four men to do.

We are daily expecting Dr. and Mrs. Devan, (missionaries sent out by the Board,) who, I doubt not, will prove valuable helpers in our department. Our new school-house is just completed, and is on our premises, quite convenient to us. When it is opened I will write some of you an account of the services. We intend inviting Mr. Brown's boys, Dr. Legge's, and Mr. Ball's, and I shall, after the dedication, give them a dinner. My girl's school prospers. The girls are daily improving in their studies, and in habits of neatness and industry, in which they were sadly deficient when they first came. When the Devans come, I hope the Dr. will mostly undertake the instruction of the boys, and let Mrs. D. and myself teach the girls. If so, I shall take more girls: at present I cannot; my strength is inadequate."

The Mission School-House at Hong Kong, as we learn from a letter of Mr. Shuck's, published in the Bap. Miss. Magazine, was set apart by appropriate religious services on Monday the 23d of Sept. The scholars from other missionary schools were present on the occasion. Mr. Shuck commenced the exercises with a few explanatory

observations, and then offered prayer; when Luk-seen-sang, one of the native preachers, made an address on the importance of diligent study. Dr. MacGowan then delivered an address on the duty of Chinese boys loving their country, the world, and their God. Luk-seen-sang then prayed, and, after singing the doxology, Rev. Mr. Ball pronounced the benediction. The tables were then covered with various kinds of fruits, and a blessing asked by Chin-Seen, a native preacher of the London Missionary Society; when all partook of the viands, and the assembly dispersed, apparently much gratified.

The last Letter to her Father.

"Oct. 28, 1844.

My dearest Father, — Your kind and welcome letters, together with many valuable presents, reached us safely on the 22d inst., by the hand of our dear brother and sister Devan. Accept our best thanks, my dear pa', for your kindness. The articles sent were just what we needed, and had I been by your side when you procured them, I could not have better pleased myself. I had been so much excited by the arrival of our good friends, that I determined to put by your letters, and the trunk, till next day; but as my nerves calmed a little, I thought I might venture to read one of twenty letters which we received. So I retired to my room, and opened one, which chanced to be from dear ma', in which she said, '*One* article in the box will, I presume, please you more than any thing he *could* have sent.' I said to my husband, who was standing by, 'O, it must be his portrait! let me open the trunk.'

'No! no!' said he, 'wait till to-night, when all is quiet.' 'But I must, I *must*,' (not *I will*, mind you.) 'Brother Devan has the key,' he continued. Off I went, and soon prevailed on brother Devan to give me the key, and the trunk *was opened*. First one parcel, then another, was unwrapped, till at last I found the portrait. And now you will wish to know what I think of it. My first remarks were, ' 'Tis not pa', no, 'tis not. Where is the expression of his countenance? Why, it is some old man.' Mr. Shuck then took it, and exclaimed, 'Why, it is pa' *precisely*.' So you see we don't always agree. However, bro. Devan placed it so as to let the light fall in a certain way on it, and I saw a *resemblance* of my father's face, though time indeed has been at work on you, and has increased mightily the care-worn look. Dr. Devan thinks it a good likeness, and I love to look at it. Yes, I love to gaze on the representation of that dear face, which I shall never again, possibly, behold in the flesh. I prize it highly, and consider it as a precious gift. O, if it could speak, how much would I say to it!

I need not say how much we are pleased at having Dr. Devan and his wife as associates in our labors. They are dear friends, and we are comfortably situated for the present in the same house. That which will be occupied by them is not yet ready for them.

You will perceive by the date of this, that it is the anniversary of an event which caused your breast to swell with new and peculiar feelings. Yes, my dear pa', I am to-day twenty-seven years old, fast, fast growing old. You would see great changes in me now. I feel quite old, with so

many *olive plants* around me, I assure you. O that I grew better as I grow older!

And now, my beloved pa', farewell! May you long, long be spared to your family, and to the cause of God! Do what you can for China.

As ever, I remain your devoted

HENRIETTA."

Mrs. Shuck's last letter to her family was dated October 30, 1844, and directed to her step-mother, Mrs. Hall.

"My dearest Ma'—I felt grieved at myself, on reading your letter to me, at my remissness in writing to you. You mention that my last was dated July, 1843. I will not attempt to extenuate my guilt. I confess my negligence, and beg for pardon. I have not, however, forgotten you. No! your image is bright in my memory, though I fear you do not look so young as you did. You mention many deaths in the neighborhood: how truly good has God been to our dear families! O that we might be humbled in view of his mercies, and be led to give ourselves entirely to his service! But, alas! how much are we engrossed with the cares and concerns of this world! I rejoice to be able to say, that recently, more than ever, have I enjoyed the smiles of the Saviour, I have felt so much happiness, so much joy, in committing all my cares into the hands of Him, who, I know, cares for me. How delightful to know that God is our Friend, and that all things shall work together for our good! I have not been free from care and trouble, for with so large a family as mine, there must necessarily be great

anxiety; but, I trust, I have been able, by the special aid of Heaven, to bear up under all. At one time, I had two families (missionaries) living with us, and thirty children; besides, I had to instruct the children, and superintend all; and I often felt sad and pressed down with care. Now we have no one living with us but our dear brother and sister Devan. She is a sweet sister. We seem to be agreed on all points, and I pray and believe that we shall be assistants to each other.

When I am laid by, which will be, I expect, in a few days, she will be able to aid me very much. We do indeed feel happy in having them associated with us.

And now, dear ma', I must say, Farewell! Write oftener, and I will try to do so too in future. If all be well, you shall hear from me *particularly* in the course of two or three weeks more. I hope to have good news for you. Pray for us, dear ma'. I try to remember you and yours daily in my unworthy prayers.

With love to all the family, and a *special* kiss for my sweet little sister, (Mrs. Hall's youngest child,) Yours ever, devotedly,

HENRIETTA."

About this time, Mrs. Shuck sent a box of presents to her friends in Virginia, to the care of Mrs. Keeling. The sheet containing a description of these articles, and directions as to the disposition she would have made of them, was finished with the ensuing quotation: —

"And now, my dear, *dear* friends, good-by. O, could I have one hour's social chat with

you! How it would refresh my soul to tell you of my joys and trials, and hear you relate yours! But the thought is too painful for me to dwell on. I have parted from you, and in all probability I shall see you no more till we meet around our Father's throne above. There all tears shall be wiped away, separations known no more, and the song of 'Glory to God in the highest,' swell every heart. Then let us take courage, and press joyfully on. Soon, *very soon*, our race will end, and the prize be gained. 'Be faithful to your Creator,' was the message of my dying mother to me. O, may I bear it in mind, and finally meet *her*, and *you*, and rejoice with you in heaven."

Mrs. Shuck's last letter was written to the Compiler of this Memoir only a few hours before her death. It was penned with great care and neatness. We give it entire.

"VICTORIA, (HONG KONG,) Nov. 26, 1844.

My dear Bro. Jeter,

Your kind, affectionate, and truly welcome letter, bearing date Dec. 7, 1843, (nearly twelve months ago,) only reached me yesterday, and I will lose no time in replying to it. For this kind expression of interest in our welfare, accept, dear brother, my grateful acknowledgment. I feel relieved, greatly so, for I knew not what cause to attribute your silence to. I feel happy now in the belief that I live in the memory of one who can never cease to live in mine. Forgive me for saying that for you I have ever felt a sincere and affectionate regard. I well remember the first time I saw you, and assisting my now sainted

mother in preparing some wine whey for you, as you were indisposed. You will, perhaps, have forgotten it. The place, time, and circumstances are bright before my mind's eye. You took me on your knee, and asked me if I loved the Saviour, and talked to me about his blessing little children, and suffering them to come unto him. Again, as I grew older, you reasoned with me, and urged me, not only from the pulpit, but in the private parlor at old Waverley, to repent; and 'twas you, my dear brother Jeter, who led me into the liquid grave. O, how well do I remember that day, that precious day, and the dear friends (some, yea, many of them now departed) who accompanied me to the water's edge! Yes, there are many pleasing associations in my life connected with you.

You speak of the great changes I should notice, were I to return to America. Yes, verily, the young have become old, and the old have passed into the tomb. Ten years glide quickly away, but, as they glide, cause wonderful changes. And so pass our lives: a few more years, and we shall have done with time. O that we may work while we *can*, and work *faithfully!* You will rejoice to hear that the work of the Lord is prospering here. Some have thrown away their idols, becoming convinced that they are false and useless, and have united themselves to the church. Others are inquiring into this new doctrine of which they hear; and we trust and believe that the time to favor China is at hand. Can you not exert yourself for her welfare? Are there not some willing to come, and spend their lives in teaching the Chinese the unsearchable riches of

Christ? We are very few in number, and very weak, while the work before us is great and powerful. I have under my care, living on our premises, *thirty* children, and, until recently, have had no one to assist me in teaching them, except a Chinese teacher. Dr. Devan and his devoted companion are indeed a great help to us. Mrs. Devan teaches the school, while the Dr. dispenses his medicines to the sick. He has gone with my husband to one of the out-stations to-day. They teach and heal, and, I trust, a blessing will follow their efforts. We have never seen two Christians whom we could love and admire more. They are already making great progress in the language, and I do believe they will prove a blessing to China. They are Christians of experimental piety and wisdom, and were I to say all I think, I, perhaps, might seem extravagant; so I forbear.

Finally, remember me to *dear* sister Jeter, and thank her for her kind and acceptable present. I shall, if I live, write to her soon. I deeply sympathize with her in her great loss. I know what it is to lose a *mother*. And now I must close. With affectionate regards to all my friends,

Believe me, dear brother,

As ever yours, in the Saviour,

HENRIETTA SHUCK."

Rest, dear hand; thy work is finished. Thou hast often, at the bidding of a generous heart, and under the guidance of an enlightened intellect, wielded a pen to weariness, to interest and instruct the young, to convey to friends assurances of affection and sympathy, to impart consolation to the hearts of the afflicted, to plead the cause of

China's benighted and perishing millions, and to exhibit to sinners the beauty, mercy, and faithfulness of the ascended Saviour. But never more shalt thou grasp a pen. For years thou hast been laboriously employed in clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and training the young minds of China for usefulness and heaven. Now all thy toils are ended. The hand that greeted, with so much cordiality, the missionaries newly arrived in a pagan land, the stranger from every quarter of the globe, which Providence cast within its reach, and the ignorant and degraded heathen, will very soon, cold and pallid, repose in the grave. Rest, then, dear hand; thou hast finished thy labors, and received an honorable discharge.

CHAPTER XII.

Brief Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Condition of the Chinese Baptist Mission — Baptisms — Encouraging Prospects — Mrs. Shuck's Presentiment of her Death — Her Preparation for it — Mr. Shuck's Letter announcing her Death — Extracts from Obituary Notices — Dr. Devan's Letter to Mr. Hall — Mr. Walthall's Letter — Conclusion of her Funeral Sermon in Richmond — Mr. Keeling's Tribute to Mrs. Shuck's Character — Poetry written on seeing Mr. Shuck's Sons in New York.

Before we proceed to detail the closing scenes in the life of Mrs. Shuck, it may be proper for us hastily to retrospect the rise and progress of the Baptist mission in China, and briefly to contemplate its condition and prospects at this period, (the autumn of 1844.) In September, 1836, Mr. Shuck and his companion reached China. He was under the necessity of landing his family in the city of Macao by stealth. Here he was carefully watched by the Mandarines on the one hand, and the Portuguese officers on the other. Before the work of missions could be commenced, a language singular in its structure, and very difficult of acquisition, must be mastered. This difficulty in a good measure overcome, Mr. Shuck was strictly prohibited by the civil authority from making any public efforts for the diffusion of the gospel. His labors were restricted to personal conversation, and the instruction of such persons as might visit his own house. The numerous

missions, and exhausted condition of the treasury, of the Baptist General Convention, prevented the Board from prosecuting the China mission with vigor. For several years, Mr. and Mrs. Shuck, and Mr. Roberts, labored alone in this vast, but strictly guarded and unpromising field. In 1837, the first Chinaman, Ah Loo, was baptized, who, becoming an apostate, gave great pain to the missionaries. Rev. Mr. Dean, and Doctors MacGowan and Devan, as we have seen, subsequently reënforced the mission. The breaking out of the war between Great Britain and China seriously threatened, at one time, its annihilation. Whether the mission could be maintained was long a doubtful question, at home and in China. Bnt the devoted pioneers in the evangelization of China, labored on, amid discouragements and difficulties the most disheartening. God, at length, granted his servants light. The war, in many aspects disastrous and revolting, brought some portions of China under British rule, and prepared the way for the toleration of Christianity by the emperor, throughout the "Celestial Empire."

The following extracts from the letters of Mr. Shuck, written about this period, and published in the Baptist Missionary Magazine, will give the reader some conception of the prosperous condition of the mission.

Under date of May 14, 1844, Mr. Shuck wrote, "God is manifestly blessing our labors. I trust that Christianity has commenced her onward march in this great land of heathenism.

I have previously mentioned to you the circumstances of the conversion of Luk-Seen Sang. He is an active colporteur, and valuable assistant

in the mission. His prayers show that his heart is under the influence of the Spirit of God. Three weeks ago he went into the interior for his family, taking a large quantity of books and tracts with him; *all* of which he put into circulation; and preached the gospel in regions where it was before unknown. He has just returned, bringing his wife and daughter, and an inquirer, who is a literary man of no ordinary talents.

Last Lord's day, I had the happiness of baptizing Che-ho, who, when I first fell in with him, had been a Budhist priest for nine years. He has been *thirteen months* under close and daily Christian instruction, and six months an applicant for baptism. He gives encouraging evidence of being a child of God. He, when *very* young, lost his wife, and to find comfort, resorted to idols; but worshipping them gave him no comfort. On a visit to Hong Kong, the name in Chinese, on the Queen's-Road Chapel, caused him to enter: he heard me preaching in Chinese; and from that hour he resolved to forsake Budha and worship the true God. He sent for a younger brother, who has also repudiated idols. Now his father and another friend have taken up their residence at Hong Kong, and both declare their belief in the doctrines of the true God, and have turned their backs on idols. Che-ho is a man of excellent sense, reads the New Testament, &c., and conducts private correspondence with his friends; but is not a literary man by any means. He studies every day with my teacher a short time. He is a child of nature, of sincere and affectionate disposition, and very amiable.

Chek-ko, the native printer, has decided to en-

ter the church, and he too has lately mentioned two inquirers. He heard the gospel nine years ago from Leang-Afa, and, for the last ten months, has been in an interesting state of mind. Hong-ko is now upon his final trial of two months before a committee of the church, and there is every prospect of his being received in two weeks from this date, as his trial will then be terminated. Asei is also an applicant for baptism, and in some respects an interesting one. J——, one of Mrs. Shuck's little Chinese girls, we really think is converted. Yong-seen-sang and Hen-seen-sang both profess to believe the gospel, but are timid about being baptized.

I feel that a work has now been begun in China which will go on, because it is the work of the Lord. Vast multitudes have heard and remember the gospel, and the *hearts* of an honored few are receiving it in faith and love. Mr. Dean has a large and interesting congregation, and many more Tiechui people are securing ground and settling here.

Our present prospects are so encouraging that we hope to have several more *native* preachers in full employment before the year ends. Eight native preachers and their families could be supported for what *one* foreign preacher can be, including all expenses. What a difference! and yet native preachers *cannot* be left without the aid and oversight of foreign preachers.

June 8. On last Lord's day I had the happiness to baptize another Chinese convert of much promise. (Hong-ko, mentioned above.) The baptism took place on Lord's day morning at 7 o'clock, in presence of a large number of wit-

nesses. I have three more natives on their final trial of two months, and six other applicants, nine in all, under my immediate care. There is *evidently* a work of God going on in my Chinese congregation.

July 8. I can hardly realize the present position of this mission. You full well know the dark circumstances attending my first coming to China, and my first few years of residence at Macao. But what has *God* wrought? With feelings which I cannot possibly express, I am enabled to communicate to the Board that there is a *religious revival* going on at this time in my Chinese congregations! There is no stir, bustle, nor excitement; but the still movements of the Spirit of God are evidently upon the hearts of between *twenty and thirty* different individuals. Besides the three lovely converts whom I have this year been permitted to baptize, I have nine others registered for baptism, and all of them have been for some time under instruction. Besides these there are several applicants for baptism, and some inquirers who are not considered candidates or applicants. Among the candidates and inquirers are six individuals of fine literary attainments. The prospect now is, that I shall soon be able to have four pious and active native preachers in the field. You will rejoice to hear that my teacher, so long a professor of Christianity, has at last come out fully, and is now on his final two months' trial, preparatory to baptism. He is a man of superior intellect, education, and intelligence.

Aug. 14. Sabbath before last I had the pleasure of baptizing two more interesting native con-

verts, who had undergone long and careful Christian instruction and examination. One of these converts had been a secretary in one of the provincial government offices in Canton, is a well-educated and intelligent man, in the prime of life, apt to learn and apt to teach, speaks eloquently, and is already an active and valuable accession to the church and the mission. His prayers are so correct and deliberate, and evince such Christian humility, as to afford me great satisfaction concerning him. His name is Kwok-he. He heard the gospel the first time from Luk-seen-sang, my valuable native preacher, while on a visit to Canton. The other is named Sei-ko, a herdsman, of humbler circumstances than Kwok-he, but an interesting young man, who gives us great encouragement by his hearty love and obedience to the truth, and has been twenty months under close Christian instruction.

Sept. 4. Nearly the whole of last week was taken up in public and private examinations of candidates for baptism. The cause of our Master at Hong Kong *really* seems to be onward. Although adding to my trembling joys, I had the high privilege, on Sunday last, of baptizing seven more interesting converts. Five had been followers of Confucius, and two had been Budhists. All of them, except one, read and write their own language; four are men of high attainments in the literature of their own country, and all have long been under close Christian instruction, and have passed through repeated and careful examinations. I have now baptized twelve Chinese converts during the past eight months of 1844. God grant that there may be no Judas among

them! My anxieties concerning them are continual and heavy; yet, thanks to the grace of God, all give satisfaction thus far. Eight or ten others afford hope and encouragement; the congregations continue large and attentive; and the colporteurs are diligent, and are of great assistance and usefulness.

You will rejoice with me that one of the above seven was my teacher, Yong-seen-sang, who for nearly six years has proved himself to be an able teacher and a worthy man. Although of unexceptionable conduct, and of about universal good report of those who are without, and withal a man of prayer, yet I much doubt whether he has been a truly converted man for more than six or eight months. He has passed most satisfactory examinations. Lei-seen-sang is also a learned man, like Yong-seen-sang, has a mind of a superior order, and is a perfect gentleman in manners, attire, and appearance. Woon-seen-sang is also an agreeable man, eloquent, and well educated. Chay-seen-sang, though somewhat less learned than the above, is an interesting man, and powerful in prayer. Chak-ko is a worthy disciple, is a head printer and a paper merchant, and owns a share in a large passage boat which runs between this (Hong Kong) and Canton. Pang-sam is an industrious tailor, a quiet and amiable man, and a growing Christian. The last of the seven is Lep-wa, father of the Buddhist priest who was baptized, a simple-hearted and sincere old man, a gardener, and owner of a small property in his native village, one day's sail in the interior from Hong Kong. He has manifested tearful anxiety to understand the

truth; and we really believe he loves the Saviour, although he does not read.

At the same time and place as above, Mr. Dean baptized three Tie' Chiu' men."

We have detailed mainly the labors and successes of Mr. Shuck; but Mr. Roberts and Mr. Dean were equally encouraged in their efforts. Such was the condition of the China Baptist mission in the fall of 1844. God had exercised his servants there with sore trials and discouragements; but they had patiently continued in watchfulness, prayer, and labors. They had sown in tears, and now they were reaping in joy. A glorious prospect was opening to the mission. The field was now, in part, opened for their labors — the first fruits were a pledge of the in-coming harvest — the intelligence and respectability of the converts inspired high hopes of their usefulness — and the prevailing spirit of inquiry among the Chinese was a clear indication that they were likely to be bronght under the influence of the gospel. But God designed to subject the faith and patience of his servants, especially of Mr. Shuck, to a fresh and severe trial.

Mrs. Shuck was approaching the period of her fifth confinement. Her health for several months past had been unusually good, and her labors more than commonly arduous. She was, occasionally at least, impressed with an apprehension that she should not survive her season of trial. A day or two after her death, the following note was found among her papers, bearing evidence of having been written about two months previously. "I am so strongly impressed with the

idea that some great and *calamitous* event is about to befall me, that I cannot but write it down. *What* it is, God only knows. I feel a presentiment that *something* is going to take place, something *dreadful*. O Lord, prepare me for all thou art preparing for me! Help me to take every dispensation of thy providence as for my *good*." Mrs. Shuck's extreme illness and peril at the birth of her fourth child might very naturally fill her with alarm as to the result of her approaching confinement. But this dread, whatever might have been its source, appears not to have been constant. In her last letter to her mother, written only a few days before her death, she said, as we have already seen, "If all be well, you shall hear from me *particularly* in the course of two or three weeks. I hope to have good news for you." Her letter to the compiler, the last which she penned, was evidently written in a cheerful spirit. The presentiment of her death, however, evidently made a strong impression on her mind. In obituary notices of her, published in Hong Kong shortly after her death, it is stated, that "in view of these premonitions, she became more fervent in prayer, and more faithful in her work, and for several months she manifested a marked spirituality of mind, and a lovely ripeness of piety. She made her arrangements in view of what she believed would end her pilgrimage on earth. She spoke of it to her husband and to her friends, but never with gloomy forebodings — such was the activity of her Christian hopes. Even every drawer, and all her little boxes, with their various articles, have since been found arranged with singular neatness and order."

The following letter, addressed by Mr. Shuck to his father-in-law, conveyed to her afflicted family and the sympathizing community the first intelligence of Mrs. Shuck's unexpected death. It can hardly fail to touch a sympathetic cord in the bosoms of those who have experienced similar afflictions.

"HONG KONG, Nov. 20, 1844.

Dear, dear Father,

I wrote you a hasty note two days ago, just as the mail, via England, was closing, and nerved my bleeding heart to announce to you the sudden death of our thrice precious Henrietta, your first-born daughter, the hallowed wife of my youth, and the mother of my children. My full soul writhes in agony, both night and day; and although I believe I am not left without the consolations of the gospel, yet my breast heaves with the billows of sorrow, the floods of tears run down my eyes, tears of burning anguish. Friends sympathize and condole, the children are well and singularly quiet, sister Devan overlooks domestic affairs like an angel of light, brother Devan proves a brother indeed, and God's promises are neither few nor misunderstood; but after all, I am really so overwhelmed that I fear my overpowering grief is unreasonable. I feel like some lonely forest pine, scathed and shattered by the lightnings of heaven; my heart seems swollen to double its natural size, and I literally gasp for breath.

I mentioned in my last note, that for six months past, and up to within three hours of her departure, our precious one enjoyed unusual

health. Her illness came on at 10 o'clock, on the night of the 26th inst. Before calling the Dr., she requested me to join with her in prayer; and, taking her hand in mine, I knelt by her couch, and, at every sentence of my prayer, she gave my hand a most affectionate pressure. The Dr. came at 12 o'clock at night. At 2 o'clock, a fearful and sudden prostration took place, and every effort, and prayer, and remedy, proving unavailing, at 3 o'clock her pure spirit winged its flight to the bosom of her God and Saviour, whom she so ardently loved and laboriously served. For months, she was in the habit of expressing to us all, in a singular manner, her presentiments that she would not survive the close of the present year; but no gloomy doubts about her soul were ever noticed. Her mind was engaged in prayer to the last; and, as there was scarcely a pain or a struggle, but purely sinking and prostration, she literally fell asleep in Jesus, yea, was almost, like Enoch, translated for having walked with God. He took her, in kindness, to himself, without the usual suffering and distress which attend the final pangs of expiring mortality. She seems to have passed away like a glorious meteor, and her light still shineth. Her countenance, in death, assumed a heavenly smile, and her body was deposited in the tomb by the side of her endeared friends, Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Ball. It was, it is said, the largest funeral which has ever taken place in this colony, so widely was she loved and esteemed by all classes, high and low, foreign and native. The European police corps came and claimed the sad privilege of being permitted themselves, about forty in num-

ber, to bear her remains to the grave. She is gone to the realms of light, taken away from the toils, anxieties, and ills of life, with her Saviour and her own fond mother. It is the Lord that has done it. God, I know, has done it in kindness to her and to us all, and for his own glory, and yet the tremendous stroke almost slays me. She was a most faithful, devoted, affectionate wife and mother, a laborious missionary, and warm-hearted friend of all. Her prayers and anxious labors for her children and the heathen, will not be in vain. I never knew one whose faith was stronger. She was a believer in minute Providence, and her devotions were punctual, and her confidence in God unwavering. O! she was a being of love, and a lovely being. It would be almost madness in me to attempt to offer *you* and the *family* consolation, seeing that I myself am burdened and smitten to the dust. O God, mysterious Jehovah, Jesus, Holy Ghost, comfort us all. Amen and Amen!

In haste, but deepest affliction, your stricken son, J. Lewis Shuck.

P. S. I find myself continually trying to believe that she is really not gone, but, at every turn, I am reminded, by some circumstance or article, that I shall see her face no more in the flesh. She was in the habit of using, as companion to her Bible, for a long time, a copy of the Gems of Sacred Poetry, which I had presented her. Since her demise, I find in this little book whole poems, verses, sentences, and words, pencil-marked, with her own hand, touching death, heaven, &c., &c., and some of them turn out to be in such direct

coincidence with the circumstances of her end as to be really prophetic. I will send you details on this subject. I will write you again, soon. I have named her darling boy Henrie Fuller, the first containing all the letters of his sainted mother's name, but the last three."

From the Obituary Notices, referred to above, we glean the following extracts: —

"Religious services having been conducted at the house, by the Rev. Dr. Devan, Mrs. Shuck's remains were borne to their final resting-place. The Rev. Mr. Brown made an appropriate address at the grave, and offered prayer. All who knew her, loved her. On the Sabbath following, at 11 A. M., the Rev. Mr. Gillespie of the Lon. Mis. Soc. preached at Hong Kong with special reference to the event, from the text, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,' &c., &c.; the Rev. Mr. Dean at night at the Queen's-Road Chapel, from the promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end;' and at Macao, the Rev. Mr. Lowrie, of the American Pres. mission, from the text, 'Ye shall know hereafter,' &c. All the Chinese services of the same Sabbath, in connection with the Baptist mission, were made to bear directly on the subject, and the mysterious Jehovah has already caused good spiritual results to ensue."

From the "Gems of Poetry," alluded to in the postscript of Mr. Shuck's letter, the ensuing beautiful stanzas, pencil-marked by Mrs. Shuck's own hand, and adopted as expressing her own sentiments and feelings, are furnished in the Notices.

In one place she appropriated the following lan guage as her own.

"Lord, it belongs not to *my* care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my care,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be *long*, I will be *glad*,
That I may long obey;
If life be *short*, I am not sad;
I long to be away."

Again she says,

"O, what is life? 'Tis like a flower,
That blossoms and is gone;
It flourishes its *little* hour,
With all its beauties on;
Death comes, and like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

O! what is life? 'Tis like the bow,
That glistens in the sky;
We love to see its colors glow;
But while we look, they *die*;
Life fails *as* soon; to-day 'tis here,
To-morrow it may disappear.

Lord, what is life? If spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How *long* or *short* our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life *depart*, our joys shall last,
When life and all its toils are past."

Again, she adopted the following as her own.

"My times are in thy hands;
My God, I *wish* them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care

My times are in thy hand,
I always trust in thee,
And after death at thy right hand
I shall forever be."

She realized the fulfilment of the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the *end*." In her *childhood*, in her *youth*, in her *journeyings*, in her *labors*, in *all her life*, and in her *peacefully* triumphant *death*, this promise was verified. Those who witnessed the peculiar smile of joy that rested on her sainted countenance, when the pure spirit had been disimbodied, and life had departed, will see a prophetic interest in the following verse, taken from one of the favorite poems of her little book, every word of the fourth line having been underscored by her own hand.

"O for that summit of my wish
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death!"

Again she specially marked the following, as if in prediction of what was soon *in her* own case to be fulfilled.

"I do remember, and will ne'er forget,
The dying eye! That eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew, as nearer death approached;
As I have seen the gentle little flower
Look fairest in the silver beam which fell
Reflected from the thunder-cloud that soon
Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her placed:
She looked upon its face, that neither smiled
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon 't; and laid
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it, with look that seemed to penetrate

The heavens, unutterable blessings, such
As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world.
'God keep my child!' we heard her say, and heard
No more. The angel of the covenant
Was come, and faithful to his promise stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears; and closed without a cloud,
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."

The death of Mrs. Shuck awakened, both in China and in this country, among her acquaintances, a lively sympathy on behalf of her bereaved and deeply-afflicted family.

At a meeting of the China mission, convened for the special purpose, Dec. 4, 1844, the following resolutions, proposed by the Rev. Mr. Dean, and seconded by the Rev. Dr. Devan, passed unanimously: —

"*Resolved* — 1. That the mysterious dispensation of divine Providence in the removal of our beloved sister Shuck, is viewed by this mission as a most afflictive event, inasmuch as it has bereft her fond husband of an affectionate wife and faithful helper, her five young children of a devoted mother and spiritual guide, and the mission of one of its brightest ornaments, and most valued members; —

2. That while we ascribe wisdom and goodness to the providence which we cannot comprehend, it is our privilege to weep with those who weep, and that we do most sincerely sympathize with our bereaved brother, and most tenderly feel for his motherless children, while we pray that

this sore chastisement may be sanctified to the spiritual good of himself and family; and that the sudden removal of another member of this mission is a solemn call upon those who remain to be more humble-minded, more diligent in duty, and more watchful in prayer, that *we* may be also prepared for the coming of our Lord."

Dr. Devan, just one month after Mrs. Shuck's departure, addressed to Rev. Mr. Hall the following letter of affectionate condolence: —

"VICTORIA, (HONG KONG,) DEC. 26, 1844.

My dear Bro. Hall,

It is with melancholy pleasure I recommence a line to you. In accordance with my promise, I had already completed a letter to you, which I kept by my side, until after the confinement of sister S. But the dreadful issue was such, that would not justify sending you a scrawl in such a playful style as that in which I wrote. I committed it to destruction, and here commence another. We found sister S. and family on our arrival quite well and happy, and they extended to us a most hearty welcome, and we felt ourselves *at home.* The gratification which the likeness of yourself afforded sister S. was indeed great — her only longing in that respect was that she might have the miniatures of the rest of the family. Her happiness now, however, is far greater in contemplating the lineaments of her own dear heavenly Father, and the general assembly of the first-born, where separation is no more. O that we also may reach that glorious home, and join in the song of redeeming love! There are many

real evidences of a kind Providence attendant upon her removal, two of which bear with me while I mention.

1st. She was taken immediately from Christian *work* to Christian *joy*. A short three hours were all that elapsed between doing the work of the Lord on earth, and reaping its reward in heaven.

2d. Of all the departures from life that I have witnessed, my memory does not serve me with one that was attended with less physical suffering. But, furthermore, her removal was exactly the *kind* that the most perfect wisdom would have devised in order that it might be attended with the least interruption to the mission. Had she been long sick, her affectionate husband would have been incapacitated to discharge the numerous and weighty responsibilities that rest upon him, and the mission would have greatly suffered. Whereas, in the evening of Friday, the work of the mission was performed, and on the morning of Wednesday, no interruption was perceived in the movement of our operations, though in that interval one of the most *important* instrumentalities the Lord had taken to himself. The bleeding hearts she has left the eye of Omniscience only knows; and yet, my brother, we sorrow not as those who have no hope: it is her gain, and she is happy; and as for the cause, why should we mourn over the loss *that* has experienced? It is the Lord's cause, and he has done the deed. Does he not know what is best for his own cause? Certainly.

I remain yours, very truly,

T. T. DEVAN."

Mr. Walthall, the young Virginian, belonging to the frigate Brandywine, who was mentioned in the preceding chapter as being sick in the family of Mr. Shuck, on receiving the painful intelligence of Mrs. Shuck's death, sent to her father a most consolatory and gratifying letter, which we take the liberty of inserting in this Memoir.

"NORFOLK, APRIL 5, 1845.

Rev. and dear Sir,

Although personally a stranger, I should do great injustice to my own feelings, were I to neglect writing to you under the affliction occasioned by the death of my dear friend, your daughter, Mrs. Shuck. It is not, my dear sir, as a mere matter of form, or courtesy, that I address you, for I well know how unavailing the language of such must be to one who has lost a relation so near, so loved, and so worthy of love. But it is a relief to my own feelings, and it is in some measure complying with a request contained in the last note which I ever received from her, which I will give in her own words — 'Should you ever see *any* of my beloved relations, tell them all you can of me and mine. Tell them we are happy, very happy, though far from them; happy, because engaged, we believe, as God would have us.' Twelve months ago, I was lying in Mr. Shuck's house, in what appeared to be the last and lowest stage of a long and lingering disease — prostrate and helpless, and almost motionless and speechless. Your loved and lamented daughter was then my friend, companion, con-

fidant, and nurse. Our conversation at those times was chiefly on two subjects, which were to us of mutual interest — Virginia, the common mother of both, the home with all the cherished associations of the past, which lay *behind us*; and the still higher theme of that heavenly home *before us*, where we humbly hoped to meet in future. Vividly and distinctly as I can call her to mind, on some occasions standing in tears by what all then supposed to be my death-bed, it is difficult to realize the changes which in this brief period have occurred to us both. A merciful Providence has, contrary to all expectation and all human probability, restored *me* to a home, and to friends whom I had never thought to meet on earth; and who can say how much of this wonderful and almost miraculous deliverance may be ascribed to the prayers of *her*, for whom we have every reason to believe he has wrought a change that is far more happy and glorious?

Pardon me, dear sir, for having spoken so much of myself. My recollections of Mrs. Shuck are so intimately interwoven with my own personal experience, that it is almost impossible to separate them. It is in vain to endeavor to express our feelings by words on such an occasion, and I cannot, therefore, better conclude than by giving you an extract from another of her notes, which now lies open before me, and which I have often read of late. 'Farewell, farewell; I trust, if I see you *no more* in *this* world, that we shall meet at the right hand of God, where there will be *no more* sickness, no more sorrow, and parting sounds be heard no more.' That such may be the happy lot of her, of you, and of me, with all

who love the Saviour in sincerity and truth, is the prayer, dear sir, of

Yours, very respectfully and truly,

W. T. WALTHALL."

Soon after the news of Mrs. Shuck's death was received in this country, the event was improved in a sermon delivered to a large congregation, on Lord's day afternoon, in the First Baptist Church, Richmond, by the compiler of this Memoir, from the text which the Rev. Mr. Gillespie used on the same occasion in Hong Kong, Rev. xiv. 13. *"Blessed are the dead,"* &c. The writer hopes he will be excused for introducing the closing paragraph of the sermon.

"In conclusion, dear brethren, let us seek to derive personal profit from the death of our esteemed sister. She was a member of this church, and never ceased to feel a lively interest in its prosperity. In the Sunday School connected with it, she was a teacher. To many of you she was personally known, and to some most tenderly attached. But her connections on earth are all dissolved. Her membership is transferred from the militant to the triumphant church. To the sisters, especially the young, I trust her sacrifices, and generous labors, and consistent piety, will afford an instructive lesson. You may never be called to be missionaries; but, living in a world filled with sin and smitten with woe, you are solemnly called to employ your powers in doing good. Let the world be better and happier for your example, your labors, and your prayers.

If I address any of her Sunday School scholars — her schoolmates — her companions — her acquaintances, or any other persons, who are not 'in Christ Jesus,' not vitally united to him, I implore you by the lovely example and fervent prayers of our departed friend, and, higher still, by the tears and blood of Christ, and by the rest and reward of heaven, to begin, without delay, a life of piety. Ah, could her seraphic spirit return, in what strains of surpassing fervor would she urge you to 'seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness'! I address you in her behalf — I beseech you, as you value your souls — as you would escape an eternity of helpless, hopeless woe — as you would rest from your labors and receive a divine reward, to commit yourselves to God, in well-doing, as unto the hands of a faithful Creator.

God grant that unto us all may be 'ministered an entrance abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' Amen."

The following tribute to the worth of Mrs. Shuck, from the pen of the Rev. H. Keeling, first appeared in the Christian Index, Ga. It has already been seen in this volume, that between the departed missionary and Mr. and Mrs. Keeling there sprang up the most cordial friendship, which was ripened by a frequent, free, and affectionate correspondence, maintained between them during the whole period of Mrs. Shuck's residence in the East. None, beyond the circle of her near relatives, more keenly felt, and more

deeply deplored, her early death, than did her well-tried friends, Mr. and Mrs. Keeling. Let Mr. Keeling give utterance to the feelings of their hearts on this sad occasion, and the estimate which they formed of Mrs. Shuck's character and worth.

"Mrs. Henrietta H. Shuck. Information in letters from Rev. Jehu L. Shuck, our esteemed missionary at Victoria, Hong Kong, China, reached our family a few days ago, in Richmond, Va., that this much-loved, noble, useful lady had closed her sufferings and labors on earth. It has been years since the occurrence of any event so painful to ourselves as this; but it is combined with pleasing recollections and anticipations. She was a beloved pupil of ours until her marriage, the ceremony of which it was our pleasure to perform; and our intimacy with her enables us advisedly to say, she was one of those happy few who seemingly would, if they were translated thither with all their imperfections, scarcely interrupt the harmony of heaven. Ten short years have rolled away since herself, her devoted husband, and brother and sister Davenport, gave the parting hand to their parents, and to the weeping, rejoicing churches in Richmond.

It would seem strange that just when we become qualified to be eminently useful, it is then, at that very time, that we are called away. Mrs. Shuck could read, write, and speak the Chinese language: her heart was deeply imbued with the spirit of missions, the spirit of philanthropy, and of the gospel; and she was already wielding an

almost incalculable influence. But she is called away. Such events are common, not strange; a plain intimation that this life is only preparatory, and that God has services of a higher order for his people above.

Afflicted husband, children, parents, pupils, mission, church, friends — all! Peace, be still! It is the Lord; let him do whatsoever seemeth him good. — Departed saint! thy little ones will find a second mother in Mrs. Doctor Devan. The work begun by thyself here will advance. Thou hast given to the ball an impulse which will never be counteracted, but constantly accelerated. And for ourselves, personally, one of our greatest consolations is, that we hope soon to enjoy thy society in brighter worlds, amid still nobler services. Although not quite fifty winters have bleached our locks, we seem to have lived a hundred and fifty. We have still on earth as many friends as most people, but a great majority of them have gone to the skies. We hope soon to rejoin them; and we will teach our dear little granddaughter, thy namesake, to follow thy bright example, and come after us.

H. K."

Mr. Shuck was under the painful necessity of sending his two oldest children to the U. States. They left China early in the year 1845, and about the beginning of summer landed at N. Y. A sight of the motherless boys, far from their father, called forth from some feeling heart the subjoined beautiful and pathetic effusion, which was first published in the Baptist Advocate, N. Y

New York, June 17, 1845.

"'God bless the lads!' deprived of mother's care,
A guard of love for which earth ne'er can find
A substitute. No! search the earth around,
From east to west, northward or southward go,—
'Tis matchless!
Far o'er ocean's rolling wave,
In peace *her* body lies, and moulders back
To mother Earth. Her spirit, near the throne,
A seraph! Decked with robe of glorious white,
Rests, too, from labor, and her works succeed.
Fond sympathy will weep,—who checks the tear!—
As on her loved, sweet boys we gaze, and think
Of her who's gone,—still more of *him*, alone,
On heathen shore. Talk ye of sacrifice!
Who, in your parlors, lolling, roll in wealth,
And give (I blush to say it, yet 'tis true)
One half of what ye might bestow, nor feel
The gift? A sacrifice! acceptable!
No! 'Tis no offering! but a pittance bare.
Would you a lesson learn of sacrifice?
Go, see, on yonder deck, the father weep;
Deprived of her he loved more than himself.
What can he do with children in a land
Where every sin and crime stands out to view
To poison their young minds eternally?
Ah! they must part. Though like a sword which cuts
His heartstrings, does he feel the blow. They must.
The last farewell! O, spare! O, must it be?
To part for life! From those who, since their birth,
Were dandled on his knees, fondly caressed,
And nursed with tender care? From his embrace
Must they be torn away? Yes, yes! farewell!
'For thee I make the sacrifice, my Lord.'
Thy will is mine, though flesh would call it hard.
Then, one more kiss! Farewell! Farewell!"

A plain granite slab is preparing to mark the spot where repose the remains of Mrs. Shuck. This hallowed spot will be dear to future missionaries, and unborn generations of Christian Chinese will turn to it with a grateful remem-

brance of her labors and her character, to read the following inscription:—

HENRIETTA,

FIRST AMERICAN FEMALE MISSIONARY TO CHINA,

DAUGHTER OF

The Rev. Addison Hall, of Virginia, United States

CONSORT OF

THE REV. J. LEWIS SHUCK, MISSIONARY TO CHINA

FROM THE

American Baptist Board for Foreign Missions.

She was born October 28, 1817.
Married 8th September, 1835.
Arrived in China September, 1836.

In the prime of life, in the midst of her labors, and in the meridian of her usefulness, suddenly, but peacefully,

SHE DIED AT HONG KONG, NOVEMBER 27, 1844,

AGED 27 YEARS.

Hallowed and blessed is the memory of the good.

CONCLUSION.

Mrs. Shuck's Personal Appearance — Her Natural Disposition — Her Mental Qualities — Quickness of Perception — Notes of a Sermon — Literary Attainments — Her Religious Character, symmetrical.

In person, Mrs. Shuck was below the ordinary stature, in the highest health weighing but little more than one hundred pounds, and frequently much less. Her frame was delicate, and her constitution fragile. With dark complexion, dark and piercing eyes, and symmetrical features, she was somewhat handsome. Her temperament was ardent, and her spirits naturally elastic, cheerful, and gay. For nothing, perhaps, was she so much distinguished as the affectionateness of her disposition. She was a lady of large heart. Never have we known a more devoted daughter, a more faithful sister, or a more sympathizing friend. She always won the hearts of her associates. Her teachers, classmates, and acquaintances all loved her. She cheerfully paid the price of friendship; gained friends by showing herself friendly.

Mrs. Shuck possessed not a brilliant, but good intellect. She was not endowed with genius, but with a well-balanced mind. Among her mental qualities, quickness of apprehension was the most

remarkable. Her intellectual efforts seem never to have cost her any labor. When her mind was set in motion, her thoughts and words flowed spontaneously, and as long as she had use for them. Her letters were evidently penned with rapidity, and without one moment's premeditation. As illustrative of the quickness of her mental operations, we may mention the following case: On one occasion, her husband complained of weariness, and an incapacity to prepare for a pulpit service which he was engaged to perform. She playfully proposed to compose a sermon for him. Without a minute's delay, she took a sheet of paper and her pencil, and having selected for the text these words, "*I pray thee, have me excused,*" began the sermon as follows: "Numerous as are the excuses which sinners make when urged to embrace the gospel, they may all be reduced to *three*. The *first* is, that they have no time to attend to religion; the *second* is, that they do *not know* how to become religious; and the *third* is, that they are not *able* to become so. Want of *time* — want of *knowledge* — or want of *power* is pleaded by all. Foreseeing that they would make these excuses, God determined that they should have no reason to make them. By giving them the *Sabbath*, he has allowed them time for religion — by giving them his *word*, and *messengers* to explain it, he has taken away their excuse of ignorance — and by offering them the assistance of his *Holy Spirit*, he has deprived them of the pretence of inability; and thus he has obviated all their excuses, and at the last day every mouth will be stopped, and the whole world stand guilty

before God." The above is a literal extract from Mrs. Shuck's notes in pencil mark. She continued her remarks through several pages, but in such a style as to show clearly that she did not excel in writing sermons. We know not how much, or whether at all, she was aided by her memory in preparing the above synopsis of her sermon; but we are quite sure that we have heard sermons from preachers of reputation, whose notes could not lay so good a claim to originality, simplicity, and adaptation to usefulness, as those of Mrs. Shuck.

Mrs. Shuck's literary attainments were highly respectable. It should be remembered that she died at an age at which most writers do not begin to distinguish themselves. In her letters published in the Memoir, the compiler felt at liberty to correct only such errors as were obviously the result of haste or negligence. They are mostly published just as they came from her swift-moving pen.

Mrs. Shuck was eminently a religious woman. All her letters, her journals, and her most familiar and ordinary notes, breathe a pious spirit. Religion exerted a controlling influence over her life. In all events, whether prosperous or adverse, she saw and acknowledged the hand of Jehovah. Whether she ate or drank, or whatsoever she did, all was done for the glory of God. One who had witnessed, in the beginning of her Christian life, the fervency of her zeal, and the predominance always accorded by her to religious duties and interests, would have been ready, even in the absence of censoriousness, to pronounce her en-

thusiastic, and to anticipate a great change in her spirit and deportment after the effervescence of youth, and the short-lived ardor of her novitiate, had passed away. But he would have been utterly mistaken. The flame of her zeal was fed by oil which an invisible hand furnished. Let the candid reader contemplate her through years of exhausting and uncomplaining toil; in sufferings, various and acute, without murmuring or despondency; several times in the near prospect of death, not only without terror, but buoyant with hope, and full of joy; always cheerful, devout, and seeking to glorify God, and decide whether her religion was not more than form and ceremony, the romance of youth, and the impulse of a transient excitement. Her religion was one of principle. It subordinated all her powers, time, and influence to the divine will and glory.

There was in the religious character of Mrs. Shuck a striking and beautiful symmetry. In her character there was a happy combination of knowledge, feeling, and activity. Her knowledge did not degenerate into fruitless speculation, her feeling into wild enthusiasm, nor her activity into misdirected adventures. She was zealous, but her zeal was tempered with discretion; she was devout, but her devotion was the offspring of knowledge; she was useful, but her usefulness was coupled with humility. Whether we contemplate her as a lady, gracing the social circle — as a mother, sedulously training her children for heaven — as a Christian, meekly and faithfully copying the bright example of her Saviour — or as a missionary, laboriously fulfilling the duties of

her important station, we cannot but approve and admire her character. But her career was brief and bright, her end peaceful, and her reward, we doubt not, glorious. The Lord took her, before the noontide of her influence and usefulness, and we humbly submit. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

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